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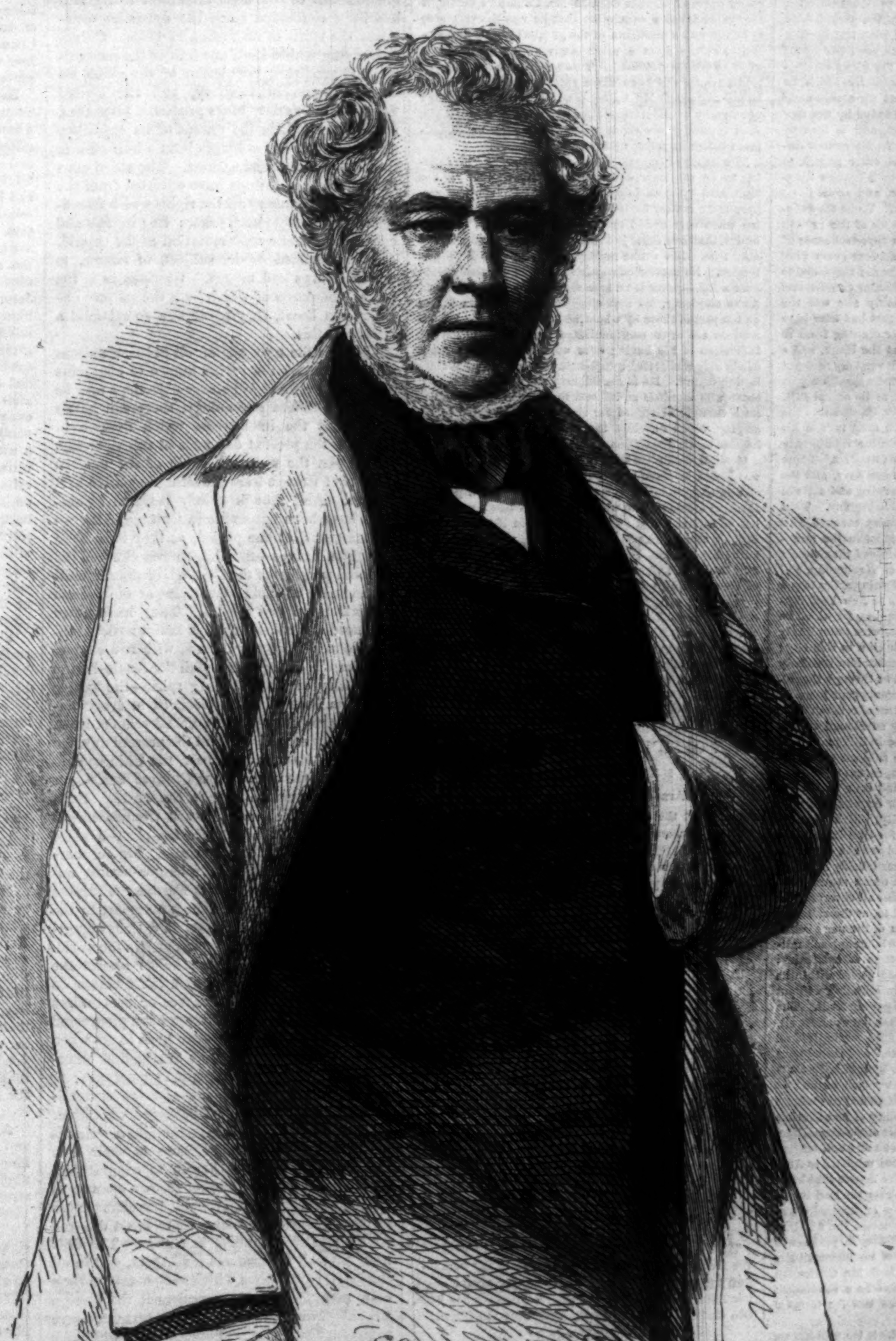
GENERAL JAMES WATSON WEBB.

In the list of American journalists a very prominent and distinguished place is occupied by General James Watson Webb, senior editor and proprietor of the New York *Courier and Enquirer*, whose portrait we lay before our readers this week. He was among the first to rouse the American newspaper from the slumber of being but a mere vehicle of advertisements to the life of forcible and spirited comment on the great questions of the day. Identified for the last thirty years with the political history of the United States, the name of General Webb has also honorable place in the military annals of the same; while in social life, among those who know him, it is synonymous with all those generous courtesies and amenities, and that sense of honor which form the character of the high-toned gentleman. General Webb comes of good old revolutionary stock. He was born in Claverack, Columbia County, in this State, on the 8th of February, 1802. His father, General Samuel B. Webb, of Wethersfield, Connecticut, was the sixth lineal descendant from Richard Webb, who was admitted a freeman in the town of Boston, in 1632, and settled in Hartford in 1635 in connection with the Rev. Mr. Hooker. At the battle of Bunker Hill, General Samuel B. Webb, then Lieutenant, commanded Captain Christie's Company of Volunteers; was wounded, thanked in General Orders for his gallantry, and appointed aid-de-camp of General Putnam. In June, 1776, he was appointed the aid-de-camp of Washington, and was wounded at the battle of White Plains, and again at Trenton. In 1777 he was promoted to the command of the Third Connecticut Regiment, and after serving some months on the Hudson, he was taken prisoner in crossing over to Long Island under command of General Parsons. He was not exchanged until 1781, when, upon the retirement of Baron Steuben, he succeeded that officer in the command of the Light Infantry of the army. At the close of the Revolution General Webb settled in New York, and in 1787 married the daughter of Judge Hogeboom, of Columbia County, the great grand-daughter of the original proprietor of the Manor of Claverack, to whom it was granted in 1704. The subject of our present sketch was named James Watson, after James Watson of this city, who was in the Third Connecticut Regiment, and subsequently one of our most distinguished merchants and a Senator of the United States.

General Webb received his early education at Cooperstown, Otsego County, under the immediate supervision of the Rev. John Smith, of that place, who had the reputation of being one of the best linguists in the State. Immediately thereafter he commenced the trial of a mercantile life with Colonel Magher, of Cherry Valley, not in accordance with his own wishes, but as a sort of compromise with his brother-in-law and guardian, Judge George Morell, who desired that he should study law, and with his own promptings which led him to choose the army or navy, or else medicine for his profession. But the counter and the desk would not do for young Webb, and giving notice to his brother-in-law to that effect, we find him, at the early age of seventeen years, with that self-reliance and independence which has ever since marked his character, starting in the world on his own account, coming to the city of New York, obtaining from Governor Clinton a letter to Mr. Calhoun, Secretary at War, stating his desire to enter the army, and certifying that he was the son of General Samuel B. Webb; and then, with only three dollars in his pocket, but with strong faith and hope to keep it in countenance, we see him boldly introducing himself to Mr. Calhoun, at Washington, delivering his letter, and composedly waiting the answer. The boldness and frankness of the boy at this interview completely won the heart of Mr. Calhoun, while the kindness of Mr. Calhoun secured, in return, the complete affection and esteem of the boy. Future intercourse but cemented this mutual feeling into a bond of friendship, never, amidst all the changes of party and party politics, to be broken. When Mr. Calhoun had read De Witt Clinton's letter under protest that it was but a certificate of identity, he frankly admitted the boy's claims to consideration, but, at the same time, said it was absolutely impossible to give him the appointment he solicited, in consequence of the graduating class at West Point being a large one, and more than sufficient to fill all the vacancies, and their claims were paramount. "If there had been no graduating class from West Point, would my claims have been recognized and I appointed?" asked young Webb. "Certainly; but why do you ask?" was Mr. Calhoun's answer. "Because in that case," was the prompt reply, "I wish permission to address you a letter, examining into the justice of the ground upon which you have made a decision which can not fail to have an influence upon my future life." The letter was written, and at the next interview Mr. Calhoun took him kindly by the hand, and said, "I have carefully read your letter, and you have demonstrated your claim to be appointed, while the manner in which you have accomplished your purpose is with me evidence of your fitness for the army." The interview closed with his being appointed a Lieutenant in the Fourth Battalion of Artillery, then commanded by Colonel House, with orders to report at Governor's Island, in the harbor of New York; thus not only giving him a commission, but also conceding the choice of corps and station.

Lieutenant Webb reported for duty in New York harbor in August, 1819; but fond of active life, and desirous of seeing the great West, he exchanged to Detroit in the autumn of the same year. In the spring following, then eighteen, he was sent with forty men to relieve Captain Farly, of the 4th Artillery, in the command of Fort Gratiot, situated at the outlet of Lake Huron, and then quite a frontier post. Both of his predecessors had lost more than half their commands from desertion, it being only necessary for the deserter to cross the river and make for the nearest settlement in Upper Canada; and General Macomb's last words to him on leaving Detroit, were—"See if you can not bring back more than half of your command, next autumn, when I shall no doubt relieve you." Thus prompted to extraordinary exertion, he resolved at every hazard to recapture the first party that deserted, and thus, if possible, deter others from similar attempts. The opportunity soon presented itself. Three men disappeared, and there was no doubt of their having gone to what was called the "Baldoon settlement," some forty-five miles in the interior of Canada. With three trusty men and the Indian who gave the information Lieutenant Webb pursued the fugitives, through the dense and almost impassable forest, to their hiding-place, recaptured them, brought them back to Detroit, where they were punished severely, according to the rules of war, and then dismissed to their duty. The lesson proved effective. At the reduction of the army in 1821, Lieutenant Webb was retained in the Artillery, but his pride being satisfied, he exchanged into the Infantry, and in June, 1821, reported for duty at Chicago, which post was then commanded by Colonel, afterward General, John M'Neil. Lieutenant Webb was immediately appointed Adjutant of the post. On the last of January, 1822, Mr. M'Kinsey, the sub-Agent of Indian affairs, reported to the commandant that a friendly Potawottamie chief had brought to him a piece of tobacco sent him by the Sioux Indians, with an invitation to his tribe to participate in the cutting off the 5th Regiment of Infantry, then stationed at St. Peter's, on the Falls of St. Anthony, and occupying only temporary huts, in full reliance upon the friendly feelings of the Sioux. It was well known that Colonel Snelling and his entire command, including the wives and children of the officers and men of the regiment—almost every officer in which was married—were in a very exposed condition, as they had not had time to erect the necessary works for their defense, and of course, as there was no doubt of the accuracy of the intelligence, the greatest anxiety prevailed at Chicago in regard to their fates. The Adjutant was accordingly ordered to find some person willing to carry a letter to the commandant of Fort Armstrong, at Rock Island, on the Mississippi, the information to be thence forwarded up to St. Anthony. But there were no inhabitants within 180 miles of the fort, the nearest being at Fort Wayne, in Indiana, with the exception of a few *engagers* or half-breed fur traders who visited about the garrison. These and the friendly Indians peremptorily refused to go from fear of the Winnebagoes, then occupying the country between Chicago and the Mississippi. In this dilemma Colonel M'Neil expressed his unwillingness to order any party upon such a duty, as the strength of his command rendered it impossible to detach a force sufficient to protect itself, and yet there existed the most urgent necessity for the information being conveyed to Rock Island, be the hazard what it might. In this emergency Lieutenant Webb volunteered his services, which were gladly accepted, and, having resigned his adjutancy, he left the fort on the 4th of February, accompanied by a sergeant and an Indian guide, with one horse to ride and break a path through the snow, and one to pack their provisions. It would be interesting to the reader to follow Lieutenant Webb in his adventures during this perilous and difficult undertaking, but the limits assigned to this sketch will not permit us to give the details. Braving alike the wilderness, the freezing cold, the hostile



GENERAL JAMES WATSON WEBB.—[Photographed by Fredericks.]

Indians, and death itself, Lieutenant Webb pushed forward with his soldier and Indian guide, and after innumerable dangers and hardships, reached, safe and unharmed, the banks of the Mississippi, penetrating through the body of hostile Indians by which Fort Armstrong was surrounded, and entered the fort itself. His escape was deemed almost miraculous by Major Larrabee (who commanded) and his brother officers. On the same day an express was sent up the Mississippi on the ice with a communication from Lieutenant Webb, which, in due time, reached Colonel Snelling, one of the most active and efficient officers in the service, and most fortunately at a period when the leading chiefs of the Sioux were in or about the garrison. These were quietly seized and confined in the guard-house, and runners dispatched into the interior inviting all the principal men of the nation to a Grand Council. They came accordingly, and while in council, the troops surrounded the Council house, and Colonel Snelling announced to them his knowledge of their treachery, and the very important fact that their principal chiefs were then in confinement as hostages, and thus most effectually defeated the intended rising, which, but for the energy and perseverance of Lieutenant Webb, must have resulted in the massacre of the entire regiment and its women and children.

In 1825 Lieutenant Webb was appointed Adjutant of the Third Regiment, and it was universally conceded that he had no superior of his rank in the army. In September, 1827, General Webb resigned his commission in the army, and entertaining the most devoted personal attachment to General Jackson, in December, 1827, he became the proprietor and principal editor of the *Morning Courier.* That paper had been established in May previous, but was about being stopped in December for want of funds to carry it on, when General Webb became its proprietor, and made it a most efficient auxiliary in the election of General Jackson, his old friend and military commander. In 1829 he purchased the New York *Enquirer* from M. M. Noah. At that period the press of New York had scarcely emerged from the system of colonial dependence which had continued from the period of the Revolution. The old *Gazette*, *Daily Advertiser*, and *Mercantile Advertiser* were the leading papers of the city, and the united editorials of the entire morning press did not equal in length an ordinary leader of the *Courier and Enquirer* of this day. A row-boat collected the ship news and the newspapers from the packet-ships as they arrived, and all were content with transferring to their columns such news as was thus possessed by all alike. This did not correspond with the views of General Webb, or the activity of character for which he was conspicuous, and he very soon set up a ship-news collecting establishment of his own, headed by the new schooner *Eclipse*, a Baltimore clipper, and a fleet of small boats. This compelled the *Gazette*, *Mercantile Advertiser*, *Daily Advertiser*, and several other papers, to combine [illegible] similar establishment—both parties keeping a schoo[illegible] off the Hook, and small boats from time to time connecting with her. Webb then contracted with the late Isaac Webb, father of the present eminent ship-builder, to build him a clipper schooner of one hundred tons burden, which should beat every pilot boat and schooner in the harbor, or he be not compelled to take her. Under this contract the schooner *Courier and Enquirer* was built, and unquestionably she was the strongest and fastest craft of her class that had ever been built at that day. With this schooner cruising from 70 to 100 miles at sea, and the *Eclipse* at the Hook, and a fleet of small boats inside, all opposition was very soon put down, and in consequence the combined opposition purchased the news from General Webb at its actual cost. The necessary energy having thus been infused into the ocean news department, General Webb next turned his attention to procuring early and exclusive intelligence from Washington during the session of Congress. There were no railroads or telegraphs in those days, and the mails then left Washington in the morning and arrived in New York in the night of the following day. Thus the Congressional proceedings of Monday reached New York on Wednesday night, and appeared in the morning papers of Thursday. Webb determined they should appear in the *Courier and Enquirer* of Wednesday, and with that view made a contract with certain parties to run a daily horse express from Washington to New York during the entire session of the next Congress, for which he agreed to pay $7500 per month. Horses were accordingly stationed every six miles from Washington to this city; and many of our merchants still remember how regularly the "Pony Express" gave them the news through the columns of the *Courier and Enquirer*, twenty-four hours in advance of the mail. Under this system of collecting the news, enlarging the paper, employing additional editors and reporters, opening correspondence in different quarters, and devoting whole columns to subjects never before touched upon by the press, the expenses of the daily press were more than quadrupled, and four of the old morning papers died out. But a new impetus was thus given to the newspaper press of the city, which has continued to increase to this day: and for that impetus to its consequences upon the public mind and the character of the press, the community are unquestionably indebted to General Webb. In 1838 the first ocean steamer arrived at our wharves, and from that day all enterprise in collecting ocean news was put an end to, as the steamers brought up their news in anticipation of the news boats. And so with the "Pony Express"—the telegraph and railway completely disposed of that avenue of enterprise; and from that time every press has had placed within its reach the same means of obtaining information without any other trouble than the expense of paying for it. The "Associated Press," therefore, now does the work for all, and there exists comparatively no field for individual enterprise. In that "Associated Press," and throughout the country, the *Courier and Enquirer* maintains its character of a commercial and general newspaper of the first rank, distinguished alike for the fullness and correctness of its commercial intelligence, the ability of its editorials from the pen of General Webb and his associate editors, and for its scholarly criticisms on books and art.

In 1849 General Webb was appointed minister to Austria, but in the following session of the Senate that body refused to confirm him—Mr. Clay taking the lead in opposition to him. After eighteen years of personal devotion to Mr. Clay, General Webb advocated the nomination of General Taylor for the Presidency in preference to his old chief. Not from any want of confidence in Mr. Clay, but because he had informed both Mr. Crittenden and General Webb that he would not be a candidate; and they, in consequence, had come out for General Taylor.

The political career of General Webb is too well known to require any comment. He entered political life from the army in utter ignorance of party men and party requirements, and acting simply from his impulses of right, he soon found himself as much at variance with his political associates as with his political opponents. In two months after General Jackson's inauguration he was warmest in his condemnation for striking certain officers from the roll of the navy; and being in favor of both a Tariff and a United States Bank when General Jackson advocated them, when the President and his party abandoned those measures and Jackson removed the deposits from the bank of the United States, General Webb openly abandoned his support. He then aided in consolidating and gave the name of *Whig* to the elements of opposition to the Democracy, and no one man has ever exercised more influence in any party than General Webb commanded in the councils of the late Whig party of the country, and yet he has always distinctly avowed that he recognizes no allegiance to party, except just so far as the success of his principles is involved; and in fearlessly carrying out this avowal amidst no ordinary amount of obloquy and censure, he has frequently been found in opposition to his party in refusing to support men whose political integrity he doubted. Thus he has time and again opposed the Gubernatorial, Senatorial, Congressional, and Mayoralty nominations of his party when he could not approve of the selection, and such opposition involved no principle; while he has always cheerfully given his support to nominations which he could not heartily approve, simply because grave principles were involved in success.

General Webb is as earnest an advocate of the Constitutional rights of the South now as he ever was; and as open in his condemnation of all who, under any pretense whatever, presume to assail them. But he is equally opposed to the extension of slavery into free territory.

The leading characteristics of General Webb are entire fearlessness and great energy, combined with untiring perseverance and disregard of consequences—all of which have so clearly marked his editorial career as to render him too frequently the object of assault by his political friends as well as his opponents. It is not our present purpose to defend him from these assaults; time, bringing the developments of truth, has already proved the injustice of most of them, and to that same powerful agent may safely be left the completion of the work.

Another marked feature of General Webb's character, which even his enemies concede, is devoted attachment to those who have done him a kindness. Accordingly, we find that during his long political career he never suffered an unkind word to be published against Mr. Calhoun, his early friend, widely as they differed upon the exciting topics of the day; while the *Courier and Enquirer* opposed what it deemed Mr. Calhoun's errors, it always declared a conviction that he was the very soul of honor, and a politician of the greatest purity and sincerity, acting upon a mistaken view of the subjects upon which they differed. This was so marked that our leading men well knew there existed some bond of attachment toward Mr. Calhoun which was stronger than mere party considerations; for never did General Webb visit Washington without paying his respects to Mr. Calhoun before he called upon any other person.

The habits of General Webb as a writer, and his bearing as an employer, claim notice in this sketch. It has been said by good judges that General Webb will prepare more matter for the press in a given time, and that too when surrounded by people conversing on different topics, than any other journalist; and this is unquestionably true. His writes rapidly, and with very little correction. No matter how grave the topic, he rarely looks over a MS.—never if he is to see a "proof" of his work. As an employer, few men enjoy such devoted attachment on the part of those by whom he is surrounded. His directions are often communicated with a prompt brevity indicative of his having once worn the epaulet; but it needs only a cheerful compliance to win General Webb's lasting regard. He is considerate and indulgent toward those who manifest an interest in his affairs, and exhibits a thoughtful regard for the welfare of those in his employ, which develops the kindness and utter unselfishness of his disposition.

General Webb has been twice married. His first wife was Helen Lispenard, daughter of Alexander L. Stewart, of this city, and grand-daughter of Anthony Lispenard, Esq., who belonged to one of the oldest Huguenot families of this city and State. She died in 1848. General Webb's second wife is Laura Virginia, youngest daughter of Jacob Cram, Esq., of this city. General Webb is still in the full vigor of life, and, as his portrait shows, of commanding presence; and we trust that there are many years of usefulness before him, in which he may continue to exhibit that fearlessness and independence in the cause of right which have ever characterized him, may continue to give light to the home in which an interesting family look up to him with love and respect, and continue to grace that social life of which he is an ornament.

THE OFFICIAL ODE ON THE CABLE.

BY MRS. ANN S. STEPHENS.

AIR—"*Star Spangled Banner.*"

OH, say not the old times were brighter than these,
When banners were torn from the warriors that bore them!
Oh, say not the ocean, the storm, or the breeze,
Are freest or proudest when war thunders o'er them!
For the battle's red light grows pale to the sight,
When the pen wields its power, or thought feels its might:
Now mind reigns triumphant where slaughter has been,
Oh, God bless our President! God save the Queen!

Let the joy of the world in rich harmony rise,
Let the sword keep its sheath, and the cannon its thunder;
Now intellect reigneth from earth to the skies,
And science links nations that war shall not sunder.
Where the mermaids still weep, and the pearls lie asleep,
Thought flashes in fire through the fathomless deep;
Now mind reigns triumphant where slaughter has been,
Oh, God bless our President! God save the Queen!

When the sunset of yesterday flooded the west,
Our old mother country lay far in the distance;
But the lightning has struck!—we are close to her breast—
That beautiful land that first gave us existence!
We feel, with a start, the quick pulse of her heart—
And the mother and child are no longer apart!
For mind reigns triumphant where slaughter has been,
Oh, God bless our President! God save the Queen!

The blood that was kindred throbs proudly once more,
And the glow of our joy fills the depths of the ocean;
It thrills through the waves, and it sings on the shore,
Till the globe, to its poles, feels the holy commotion.
Let us join in our might, and be earnest for light;
Where the Saxon blood burns, let it strive for the right;
For mind reigns triumphant where slaughter has been,
Oh, God bless our President! God save the Queen!

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 4, 1858.

OUR SUPPLEMENT.

WITH this Number we issue an

ATLANTIC TELEGRAPH SUPPLEMENT,

of sixteen pages, containing a complete History of the Telegraph from the first experiments in telegraphing to the transmission of the first messages over the Atlantic Cable. This history has been carefully compiled from the most authentic sources, and will be found to contain an account of all the various telegraph instruments and methods, a narrative of the laying of all the submarine cables, a copious report (including Mr. Field's journal) of the several voyages of the Atlantic Telegraph Fleet, together with biographical sketches of Messrs. Field, Morse, Hudson, Everett, the Governor of Newfoundland, etc. It is illustrated by forty large and elaborate woodcuts, among which we may mention portraits of Field, Morse, Hudson, Everett, etc; the Morse, House, Bain, Wheatstone, and Hughes instruments; the Atlantic, Newfoundland, Dover and Calais, Orfordness and Hague, and Mississippi submarine cables; the famous Everett paying-out machine; Trinity Bay, Valentia Bay, St. Johns, Newfoundland, Cape Ray; the bottom of the Atlantic, showing the Telegraph Plateau and the depths north and south of it; together with several beautiful illustrations of the *Niagara* and *Agamemnon* on their last voyage, and in the act of laying the cable, etc., etc.

The whole for FIVE CENTS.

THE OPENING OF CHINA TO THE WORLD.

THE practical business of the Atlantic Telegraph has been fitly inaugurated by the announcement of the most important treaty that has been concluded since the dynasties overthrew the spirit of revolution in 1815. China, comprising within itself one half of the industrious and producing population of the globe, rivaling Europe in territory, and the United States in the variety of its products, surpassing all other nations in the extent of its capacities and resources, has at length been admitted into the family of civilized nations. The allied maritime powers of Europe have extorted from the Chinese Government all the rights which friendly nations grant to each other: free ingress and egress, diplomatic representation at the capital, and unrestricted trade, subject, of course, to fair local laws and usages. Glorious as is the roll of conquests of which both the powers engaged can boast, they never won so splendid a victory as this.

China is the only one of all existing nations which antedates the period known to historians as the dark ages. Whatever objections may be made to Chinese chronology, there can be no doubt that the institutions which flourish in China at the present day were in full vigor at a time when the most venerable of the modern nations of Europe were groveling in native barbarism. And though bloody political revolutions have been numerous in Chinese history—as numerous, at one period, as they have been latterly in France—they have never checked the national progress of the Chinese, or the astounding increase of their population, or the growth of their trade and wealth. They have never produced any radical change in the national institutions. Intensely imbued with two characteristics which they share with the Anglo-Saxon—industry and the trading spirit—the people of China have steadily advanced in every element of prosperity for a thousand years at least. The consequence is that, at the present day, the Chinese cities are the largest, the Chinese capitalists are the richest, the Chinese merchants are the most enterprising in the world. Even in Canton, which, as we learn from Monsieur Huc, is regarded as a mere sea-port—a place like Newburyport or Portland—Chinese merchants live in a style of splendor almost unknown to the royal houses of Europe. Extreme civilization has carried almost every art to the highest pitch of development; in various important manufactures the Chinese outstrip the world. Labor is almost valueless; hence almost the only kind of machinery which the Chinese do not possess is that which saves or economizes labor. In a word, the Chinese have progressed as far as any single nation can hope to do, when it has no foreign competition to stimulate enterprise and suggest improvement.

That single thing lacking—foreign competition—is now about to be bestowed on China. By the terms of the treaty foreign merchants may compete with the Chinese in their own markets. Let us not hasten to congratulate ourselves on the new market thrown open to us at others' expense. All reliable travelers concur in stating that, at present, there is no demand for foreign merchandise in China. The Chinese have all that we can send them, and in all the fabrics and wares which they consume their own manufacturers can undersell the foreign world. This, however, is, of course, a mere temporary condition. Foreign wares will make for themselves a market. It is reasonable to suppose that in those manufactures to which our national energy has been specially directed, and in which our makers have had the advantage of the experience of centuries and the rivalry of the world, we shall surpass the Chinese. So soon as we have a fair field for competition, the intelligence of the Chinese will create a demand for every article which we can make better and cheaper than our Chinese rivals. We could not desire more.

It will take but a few years for a regular trade to be established between this country—and especially our Pacific States—and China, on fair and legitimate principles of exchange. We shall cease to send to China millions of silver in payment of our teas and silks. What we take from the Chinese will be paid for in the products of our labor—hardware, stuffs, machinery, and so forth. Thus we shall not only gain a new market more profitable than any which we now supply, but we shall save the severe drain of specie which our consumption of Chinese products now involves. So glorious an event as this treaty of peace has seldom been chronicled in our history.

OUR WATERING-PLACE CORRESPONDENCE.

LONG BRANCH, *August* 25, 1858.

EVERY week, dear Civilizer, hundreds of copies of your papers are bought, read, conned over and discussed in this place. Every week on Tuesday a rumor arises that "this week's *Harper* will have a letter from Long Branch." Young B——, who has literary tendencies and is known to have written Greek verses in childhood, is heard to remark mysteriously that he shouldn't wonder if "the Branch" were "shown up" in the next *Weekly*. The keeper of a famous house here is positively said to have offered free board and Champagne daily to an industrious journalist, on condition that he should write one letter to you, describing the unrivaled merits of Long Branch in general, and the Paradise House in particular.

I am not that individual. God help me, I am a lazy beggar. And nobody ever thought enough of me to offer me free victuals, much less free Champagne. But I will, nevertheless, of my own free will and mere motion, write you somewhat concerning Long Branch.

Some time since, I mean prior to the siege of Troy, or about the date of the murder of poor King Ahab, or mayhap thousands of years before, I am satisfied that the shore of New Jersey lay bare and exposed to the eastern gales. [There's no use discussing the point: I am fixed in my opinion, and Lieutenant Maury and Professor Bache, whose relative is now at the Branch, are hereby notified that I will not reply to any cavils they may adventure in regard to my statement.] In those days the winds blew and the waves arose, and by dint thereof they drifted up, over against the dull Jersey shore, a wave of sand. Still the winds blew and the waves rolled inward; and each wave licking up, as it went, a few insignificant sand-grains, and the blowing and the rolling, and the sand gathering process continuing year after year, and century after century, and thousands of years after thousands of years, there came at last to be, over against the Jersey shore, a sandy breakwater, many miles in length, and of various breadth, from a mile or two to an acre. Between this breakwater and the main shore there runs an inlet of calm clear water. My youthful reader, who has noticed the crevice which invariably intervenes between a snow-drift and a fence, will at once detect the cause of the phenomenon. The aborigines of the locality call the inlet a river. It is as fairly entitled to the name as the treeless sand-bank outside is entitled to be denominated a Branch. Well or ill baptized, however, the Long Branch is a pleasant place.

Figure to yourself, my beloved but untraveled reader! a tract of sand about thirty feet above the level of the sea. At a point about ten feet above high-water mark—in fair weather—this sand-bank descends precipitately upon a smooth sandy beach, without so much as a pebble to wound fair bathers' feet. This descent, out of civility to the place, we shall call, if you please, the cliffs. They would be very like the historical cliffs of old England, if they were only higher, rockier, and bolder. From the edge of the cliffs stretching inward, sagacious and persevering agricultural science has established lawns—flat as a table, and sufficiently grassy to attract dew. In the rear of these lawns stand the hotels of Long Branch—whose name is Legion.

Now you have the spot in your eye. It is not an easy place to get at. First, you must explore a labyrinth of odoriferous streets and lanes on the North River, and a series of crowded wharves, tenanted by miry merchandise, coals, abusive Irishmen, and restive cattle; then you must risk your life in boats which race frantically, and whose passengers actually try to push rival boats back with their hands; you must run aground a given number of times in the "Shrewsbury River." When you land, you must commit yourself and your fortunes to a vehicle which goes floundering through the sand and reeds for many a mile; and so, at last, you arrive at Long Branch.

As Archbishop Hughes did this, however, you and I may go through it without repining. I saw him—his Grace, I mean—standing on the cliffs last night, gazing at the moon, which shed a broad stream of silver on the ocean. He had another black-robed gentleman with him—not John M'Keon. Was he thinking of the glory of the sight, or of his cathedral and the hundred and odd thousand-dollar subscribers? Ah! good friend, how can you and I fathom such hearts as his?

The Mayor and Peter Cooper are here too. To them, of course, the ocean is attractive solely as a place where submarine cables may be laid. My enterprising friend Stiggs, who had the misfortune to break last fall, has a scheme for a submarine cable from the Branch to the Battery, and is going to propose it to Mr. Cooper to-morrow. No doubt he will succeed. There are dozens of great men here—dozens, did I say?—scores. Here is Balder Dash, Esq., the great Democratic chief, who takes you aside and tells you, in confidence, that he is in possession of evidence showing Seward to have been arrested for picking pockets, which testimony he will bring out at the proper time; who further volunteers the statement that, but for a speech which he made in —— County, Pennsylvania, in September, 1856, Buchanan could never have been elected. Yet he was refused a foreign mission! I have met here, too, Mr. White Liver, the famous Congressman, who voted for the Nebraska bill, but whose conscience revolted at the English Compromise; an unflinching Democrat, as the *Union* would say, previous to the defection of Douglas, but now a man who is inclined to be lenient with the Republicans. His sentiments in regard to the maintenance of the Union are beautiful. I have seen him drinking sangaree in private with the Rev. Hyp O. Crite, who took the stump for Frémont in 1856, and is now studying law in Indiana. Hyp is a thorough *Tribune* man, and never touched wine till Greeley threw the liquor platform overboard. Now, he says, the Gospel warns us against unbrotherly enmities, and he has been seen to squeeze tenderly the hand of Mrs. Widow Apalachicola, the well-known leader of the Georgia Know Nothings, and slavery propagandist.

At our house we have no politicians, except Sam, the black waiter, who is very severe on "dem cussed black 'publicans." Our establishment is a monarchy after the Siamese fashion. It is ruled by kings, but we have a plurality of them. And if Siam is as well ruled, and their majesties are as fit for their throne as ours, I rather regret I wasn't born at Bangkok. We have no seditions; every body is a courtier; old, grayheaded, and Democrat, as I am, to such monarchs, at such a place, with the cool moonlight creeping over me, and the gentle whisper of the sea in my ears, I could do homage and obeisance.

On bright days the strong sunlight bursts into our rooms bright and early, and rouses us for the walk before breakfast. No one hurries over the meal; it is elaborate, as the great feed of the day should be. Then follow a couple of hours for cigars, reading, or quiet chat—the ladies do their sewing, and settle the social station of the last new-comers. At half past ten or eleven bathing begins. This is exciting, of course. Both sexes dress much alike. It is positively stated that my short-sighted friend, Silenus, was seen, in the midst of the breakers, to kiss, with tremendous ardor, the hand of young Cupid, whose beard has not begun to sprout, and who is uncommonly like his pretty sister. I entreat of you, Mr. Editor, to put down the grizzly bather who dips the ladies. When I saw the fellow seize my niece, Julia, under the armpits, and dash her about in the water, nothing but my moral education saved his worthless life. Why should he not confine his attention to Mrs. Daredevil? She enjoys the luxury of being drowned twice a week. On Mondays and Wednesdays that lively young woman is noticed to disappear under the wave. Her upstretched hands wave madly; a gurgling shriek for assistance is heard, and Master Dick Dippin is after her like a shark. So is Brown, so is Jones, so Smith; so the grizzly boatman; so the crowd at large. Presently Dick, who can outswim any fish out of training, shouts, "I've got her!" and appears on the surface with the tail of Mrs. Daredevil's jacket in his teeth. Jones seizes a foot, and nearly drowns all parties in his frantic attempts to save that member of the senseless lady, regardless of the rest. Thirty-five young women now appear on the beach and scream, simultaneously. Fourteen of them shower opprobrious names on your correspondent for not going to the rescue. Mrs. Multiple, whose state of health has been the subject of many remarks too gross for repetition here, declares, from the inside of her bathing-house, that it is now time to send for the doctor. Second grizzly bather puts off in a boat, which is instantly swamped by a crowd of zealous life-savers. In the midst of all which Mrs. Daredevil is safely landed by young Dick, and is heard to inquire for Curaçoa.

This is the event of the day—better suited to our consumption than the most stirring accounts from Europe. After the bath we dine, and make grimaces over the bad Champagne and the tough joints. Then comes the long afternoon—spent by some in sleep, some in driving over the hot sand, many at billiards, and half a dozen or so in reading. Tea is a relief; for the segment of the day which intervenes between dinner and eight P.M. is as difficult to dispose of as La Crosse Corruption bonds or shares in the Academy of Music.

After nightfall we sit on the balcony and sing. Our repertoire is extensive. I have heard every thing, from Dibdin to Russell, and from Carafa to honest Wallace, conscientiously performed. Some romantic young persons walk by moonlight to the bowers erected along the shore: I have heard sounds coming from thence which were uncommonly like kisses, interspersed with exclamations—"Oh, you wretch!" "I'll tell mamma!" etc., etc.

A dance is *de rigueur*—the German, or *La Tempête*, which is another edition of the German, with new punctuation, and wider margin. Games succeed—charming old games—fox and geese—blindman's buff, and so forth—in which pretty creatures, who may next year be mothers of families, tuck up their dresses, and romp and scream and dance like children of ten, with such hearty good-humor and joyous spirit, that, upon my word, Sir, old as I am, I have warmed at the sight and wished they might catch me, and blindfold me, and let me run after them, and lay my old paw on their pretty cheeks in order to find out the name of my prisoners. I fear I might be "blindman" a long while. Talk of our people lacking animal spirits! I'd like to see Frenchmen or Englishmen either who enter more heartily into the spirit of what the English call "jollity" than we do at eleven of the clock. Every body runs over with fun and good-humor. The noise would disturb a Rip Van Winkle. Dick Dippin seizes the stately Miss Blank, and tosses her about as though she wore a pinafore, and turbaned old Mrs. Blank doesn't even wink at the spectacle. Katey Dashaway grasps the hand of my chum, old Judge Assumpsit, and tears him round the room till the gasping luminary of the Bench declares that he will commit her for contempt if she don't let go. Then somebody strikes up a gallop, and away every body goes whirling, racing, sliding, leaping, knocking every body else against the wall, and all singing madly to the air amidst shouts of laughter and applause from the wall-flowers. Twelve o'clock! One o'clock! 'Two o'clock! And the noise does not abate. Game follows dance, and dance follows game, and neither the spirits of the party nor their muscles show signs of fatigue.

They may be keeping it up still for any thing I know. Forty years ago, when I was a young man, I could hold my own on such occasions; now, the allurements of a pillow, and the charm of a warm blanket are with me superior, after midnight, to even such delightful gatherings as this. I go to bed, with the Post-horn ringing in my ears, and the lovely face, and graceful figure of a sweet girl, of whom Genesee may well be proud, lighting up the gloom of my old bachelor dreams; vowing inwardly that next year I shall spend a large share of my holidays at Long Branch, where people are gay, and sociable, and good-tempered, and where no New York fops corrupt, and no rowdies break in and steal.

THE LOUNGER.

TITLES.

AMERICANS, of course—as sundry young noblemen now visiting this continent have discovered—care nothing for social titles; but as a curiosity of literature the following paragraph may amuse the reddest republican:

> "The new style of title to works of fiction, introduced by Sir Edward Lytton, in 'What will he do with it?' then adopted by Mr. John Lang, in 'Will he marry her?' and since followed by a host of minor scribes, is, we understand, to be the fashion of the coming publishing season. A gifted young friend of ours (as yet unknown to fame) is already deep in the third volume of a novel, to be called 'Where the deuce is he to get a publisher for it?' Doctor Charles Mackay, recently returned from the United States, not to be out of vogue, will publish a volume of poems, bearing the graceful title, 'Green Leaves; or, Will he read them, or will he cut them?' Mr. Martin F. Tupper will follow the fashion with a bulky volume, to be called, 'What will it weigh; or, How much a pound will he get for it?' The title of Mr. Browning's forthcoming epic is, 'Don't he wish he may understand it?'"

PUNCH AND POETRY.

GOOD old *Punch's* poet is always prompt. A kind of universal laureate, he celebrates with rhyme and music the great events of the hour. With all the sly fun which he pokes at Brother Jonathan, he has yet a kindly feeling for him—a conviction that, in its spirit, *Punch* belongs to our side. The spirit of *Punch*, indeed, is always sparkling, and though every draught does not intoxicate the consumer with delight, it is sufficiently exhilarating—as per sample annexed. The Lounger ventures modestly to suggest to *Punch* that every chance of a broken piece of the cable (see the eighth stanza following) is being worked up to a charm, and may be had upon easy terms by application to Tiffany & Co.

THE ANGLO-SAXON TWINS.

CONNECTED BY THE ATLANTIC TELEGRAPH.

Success at last sits, like a crown,
Upon our work gigantic;
Behold the Telegraph laid down
Beneath the broad Atlantic.
Yankee doodle, etc.

Accomplished is the mighty job,
In spite of wind and weather;
So JONATHAN, we now shall throb
With sympathy together.
Yankee doodle, etc.

The two great nations not in chains
Are now as one connected,
Whereby the cause of Freedom gains,
For 'twill be more respected.
Yankee doodle, etc.

United, Brother JONATHAN,
In firm amalgamation,
I guess we Anglo-Saxons can,
If need be, whip creation.
Yankee doodle, etc.

The odds are very much increased,
By our more close communion,
Against the Soldier and the Priest,
With Despots linked in union.
Yankee doodle, etc.

Let but our forces be combined,
And we'll preserve from fetters
A no small some of human mind,
In science and in letters.
Yankee doodle, etc.

Free Press, which every bigot hates,
Free utterance of opinions,
Shall live in the United States,
And British QUEEN's dominions.
Yankee doodle, etc.

May talk of lightning slick as grease,
Discussions shortly finish,
And every chance of broken peace
To less than naught diminish.
Yankee doodle, etc.

Now every squabble we have had
Is pretty nigh forgotten,
So let us set to work like mad,
And deal in corn and cotton.
Yankee doodle, etc.

Two thousand miles beneath the sea,
If you're inclined as I am,
That wire will draw close you and me
As those famed twins of Siam.
Yankee doodle, etc.

So let United freemen's cheers
Drive all the tyrants frantic,
The Telegraph, as each one hears,
Has spanned the great Atlantic.
Yankee doodle, etc.

SOLID SENTENCES.

ALDER CREEK, NEW YORK, *August*, 1858.

MR. LOUNGER,—The following "sentences" are shaped by me, and have never been in print. You may use them if you like. F. G.

We find our lost Eden of youth in the children about us.

The twilight of age is the shadow of death's approach.

When prejudice enters the mind, like a snake it occupies the seat of truth.

I am indebted to you five dollars. Shortened: I O U A V.

"Open to me!" said the sunshine to the flower. The foolish flower would fain have remained shut. When at last it tardily, blushingly opened, a bee crept from its bosom.

"Oh, sweet is love!" the maiden cries,
Then builds a hecatomb of sighs.

THE BEE'S SONG.—"From seeming evil still educing good."

Speaking of swine: "They have a two-legged pig at Homer—sixpence a sight," said Bert.

"I can do better than that," said Will. "I can see it any day in the street for nothing."

Wit can't be manufactured nor made insolvent. Like lightning, it *gathers*, then "forks over."

HOBBY.—The colt strayed from the "course between."

REGRET.—The ghost of resolution.

Great men are the moral powers of nature, moved by necessity. Like the spheres, once set in motion they never cease, though the instrument of their occasion may long be forgotten.

If life is a bubble,
Death is the tide
That floats the pent trouble,
Then scatters it wide.

Marriage is but too often, too truly, matri-money (*mater-money*).

"Oh, Flowerella! the rose of my bosom! the apple of my eye! the—" (at a loss).

"Tart of your heart!" chimed Wick.

Flowerella "dried up."

A great wit holds that the boy who pronounced patriarchs *partridges*, was for *making game* of the patriarchs.

THE CHERBOURG FETES.

THE French Emperor certainly plays his game with consummate skill. A late number of the London *Town Talk* represents a huge spider, with outstretched legs and the head of Louis Napoleon, emerging from a vast web labeled Cherbourg; while a modest young woman and a bald headed gentleman are climbing up a precipice toward him. The legend of the picture is, "Will you walk into my parlor? said the spider to the fly."

A great many people in England seemed to think this was the proper motto for Victoria's late visit to the Emperor at Cherbourg. He is an assassin and a villain, they said; why should the Queen of England go and visit him in a fortress which, if it means any thing, means to menace England? But do they forget the reception of the "assassin and villain" at Windsor Castle, as the honored guest of the Queen of England? Grant that that interview and visit were only ceremonies of state craft—that it was not the persons, but the personages, symbolical France and England, who took part in them. But if state craft required that courtesy, it certainly required the meeting at Cherbourg. For the old enmity between the Lion of England and the Cock-a-doodle of France has never been so bitter and threatening, of late years, as since the close of the Crimean war. There have, unquestionably, been serious apprehension in England of foul play upon the part of France.

But the Ministry have laughed at the fear; and, while this was good policy, it was also of the extremest importance that they should do every thing to remove all occasion of this apprehension, by removing, so far as they could, the jealous feelings of the French people. To do this nothing could be more serviceable than the presence of the Queen at the magnificent marine fêtes of Cherbourg. It gave the appearance of amity to the formal alliance between the two nations, and the Emperor's speech upon the occasion was as felicitous as ever.

The question of Napoleon's character is not to be raised now any more than it was three years ago. He is no more an assassin and murderer than he was when the Queen received him at Windsor. He is, *de facto*, Emperor of France as she is Queen of England. And, if it be advisable that the two nations be allied, it is necessary that the sovereigns affect friendship.

Yet oh! and yet oh! as the Queen of England, amidst a roar of salutation such as the waters of the globe have never before heard, glided, in her royal barge, to the stately *Bretagne* to dine with a special policeman, how must she have remembered Leicester Square and Strasbourg, and pinched her august fingers to satisfy herself that she was not suffering from nightmare in her gracious bed at Buckingham Palace!

"THE QUEEN'S HEART."

NOT Victoria's, nor that of the young daughter of Victoria, Queen of Prussia that shall be, nor the great Elizabeth's, nor the unhappy Mary's, nor any other queen's, famous or infamous, of whom you have ever heard, but of charming Mademoiselle Agläe Lareine, Countess de Saint Cyr that shall be, at the end of the play.

You do not know her?

Then here's to your better acquaintance. You are likely to know this young lady, and to know her is to visit her often, and to admire her warmly, and to carry your friends to see and know her, and to thank sincerely the gentleman who has introduced you. His name is John W. Palmer; he has been "Up and down the Irrawadi," and he has written a delightful little comedy called "The Queen's Heart," and that heart belongs to Mademoiselle Agläe, who is herself a queen with a right queenly heart, and she wears a heart-shaped locket about her neck whenever she plays (in the play) the part of a queen with the heart!

This little comedy, which, as you saw by the papers two months ago, has been played with great and deserved success in Boston, where it was approved by poets and wits in the MS. before it was accepted by the public upon the stage, is really one of the most skillful, and ingenious, and interesting plays that has yet been produced by our dramatic talent. Its peculiar charm is the purely French character of an entirely original American drama; illustrating most happily the fact that our playwrights need not "borrow" plots and treatment from the fertile French brain, but may make as piquant a French play, as a skillful shoemaker may make perfect French shoes, out of Paris.

And it shows more than this. It proves that a drama of incident and wit may be constructed without the poor sentimentality and poorer morality which characterize the Parisian theatre. "The Queen's Heart" is witty without *equivoque*, and interesting without improper intrigue. It is full of movement and constant development, and indicates not only a natural aptitude for dramatic construction, but a careful study of the principles of dramatic success.

The manager who properly mounts and casts this comedy in New York, will find every evening that "the house is filling; the dress circle is a battery of bouquets; an *éclat* is expected, and we shall have it." The dress circle, and the parquette, and the gallery will have been to Paris—to the inner Paris of the theatre—by merely going down Broadway. And if "The Queen's Heart" is to be counted among the first-fruits of the dramatic copyright law in this country, we shall all have been greater gainers by that law than we may have supposed we were to be.

The Lounger invites his friends to remember the title of this charming comedy, that, when it is presented, they may not fail to try the fascination of "The Queen's Heart," and enjoy the satisfaction of putting him in the wrong—if they can.

A LETTER FROM SAMUEL CRUMBCLOTH.

"MR. LOUNGER,—I have thought a great deal about an article in your paper of July 10, in reply to a letter of 'Beeswax,' about the Dickens and Bulwer family troubles. The letter spoke of a mercantile friend who thought all 'that class of people were sure to go wrong'—meaning authors and artists—and I thought the reply of the article was terribly severe upon those merchants who, under all circumstances, sacrifice morality to money, and who do not hesitate to smile upon actions that ought to consign the actors to the State Prison.

"Now, Sir, there are such merchants unquestionably, as there are authors and artists of the same character. I know some authors who make a little money as dishonestly by their pens as I know merchants who make a great deal of money in the same way by stock-broking and other kinds of speculation. And, farther, I have no doubt that men who pursue their business solely for the money they can make out of it, have a very low opinion of all pursuits that are not pecuniarily productive. But it seemed to me that the tone of the article I speak of implied that merchants were rather an illiterate, uneducated, vulgar class of people.[*]

"Being a merchant, I am sorry to suppose any man should entertain such a theory of my companions. I will, however, confess that it is sometimes very hard not to. I will venture to say that swindling is a daily transaction upon a much larger scale than the police records give any account of. But, on the other hand, how many generous, honest, high-minded, intelligent traders you may meet in a day! How the best reputation of the city of New York, for instance, is due to her great charities, managed by merchants! How the names of some of her merchants have become proverbs of honor, and enterprise, and humanity!

"Besides, Sir, every man now who has won his way to wealth and position is generally anxious to give his children a good education. How many of the youth in our colleges are the sons of merchants! How many leading men in every department belong in counting-rooms! Do you think, Mr. Lounger, that the lawyers, who are generally better educated, are a more moral class of citizens than the merchants?[†] And as for the prejudice against authors and artists, is it not rather a contempt of want of success, which would be just as active toward a tuppenny trader who could never get hold any where, or work to any result, and which would be entirely lost in the presence of any author who had conquered position and property by his talents? Why, Sir, I think I have observed quite a superstitious regard paid by merchants to literary men of no very great mark.

"And, my very dear Sir, what a spectacle the literary world of England presents at this moment! I honor and respect our masters and teachers as much as any man; but when I read a touching story of love, and sorrow, and forgiveness, or of a deadly secret locked life-long into some noble heart, like a skeleton in a golden chest, which should never be known though the heart broke with the pressure—how can I help being angry at learning that the man who has told me this tragical tale, by which my heart was touched and my life purified, announces in a loud voice to the whole world that he has such a secret? While with one hand he is writing stories of the beauty of forbearance and heroic silence, with the other he is inditing letters tearing out the very heart of his most sacred and private relations, for every scoundrelly bird of prey to feed upon.

"I am willing to grant that we have no right to require the preacher to be the perfect pattern of all the virtues he praises; but do we not require of the temperance lecturer that he shall keep sober?

"I do not insist that Mr. Dickens shall live with Mrs. Dickens. That is a question for them to settle for themselves. But I *do* insist that he shall not tell us the reasons why they separate. It is nobody's business, and it can not be made any body's business. I call upon him to respect his wife, himself, his readers, and his profession, by holding his tongue. It is precisely such conduct as the showing of his second letter which makes people talk as Beeswax heard his friend talking. It may not be an elevating business to deal in cotton and molasses, but I swear it is a hundred thousand per cent. nobler than accusing your wife to the world.

"All I mean to say is, that I don't think we ought to be abused as a class. About Bulwer, I agreed entirely with Timothy Redtop.

"Your obedient servant,
"SAMUEL CRUMBCLOTH."

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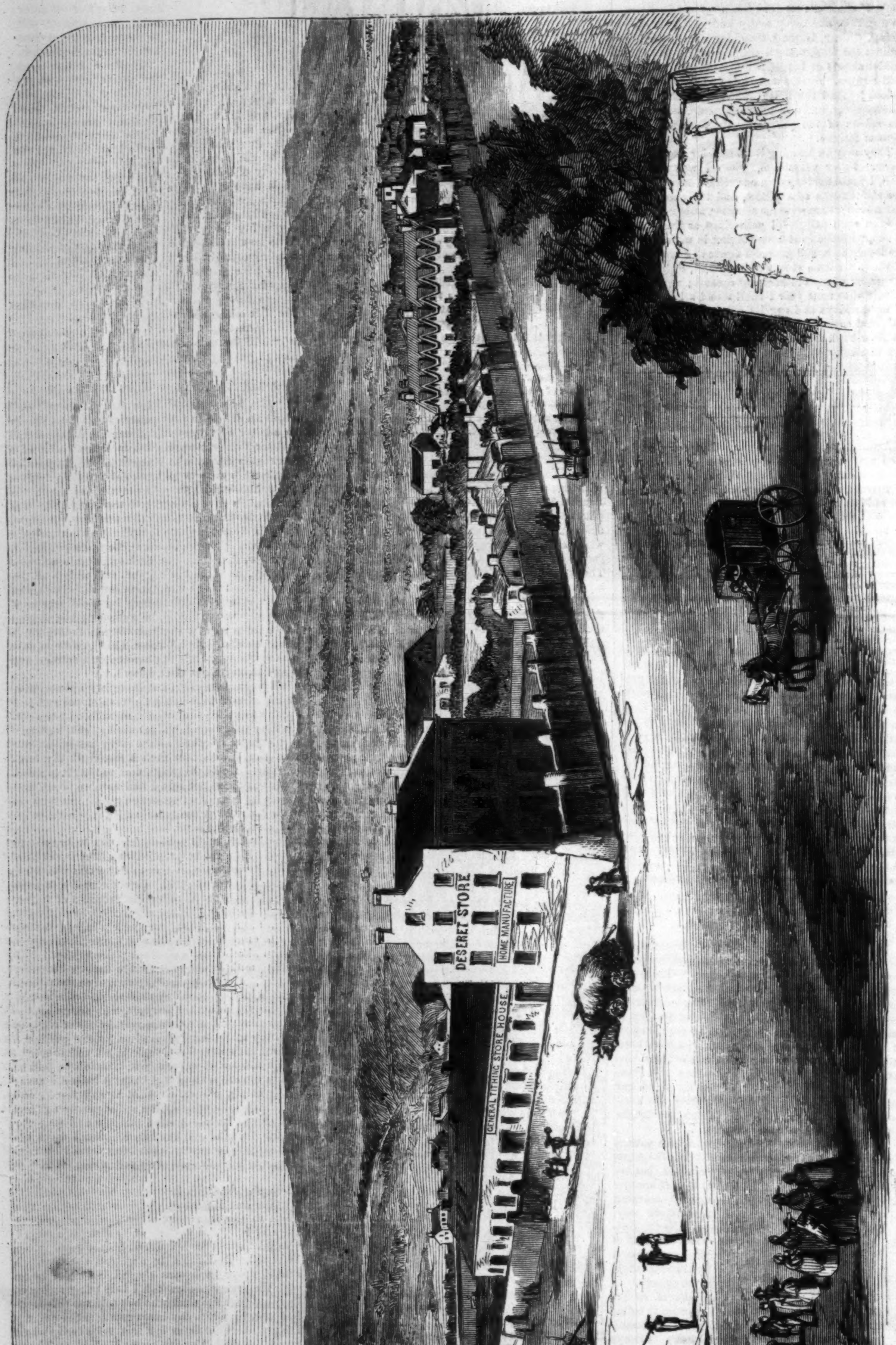
[*] The Lounger is very sure Mr. Crumbcloth mistakes the significance of the article in question; but he shall have his word.

[†] The Lounger positively declines to reply.



SALT LAKE CITY—BRIGHAM YOUNG'S HAREM AND THE DESERET STORE.—[From a Photograph by Burr & Mogo.]

THE SNAKE.

AN OLD LADY'S STORY.

When along the fragrant pine-wood
I my daily ramble take,
Spoiled were all the quiet pleasure
Should I chance to meet a snake.

Pleasant was the bright spring morning;
Birds sang out from every tree,
As I wandered, lingered, loitered,
Happy in their midst to be.

Columbines the rocks were climbing,
Violets lay in patches blue;
Red, beneath the dark leaves shining,
Checkerberries thickly grew.

Light of heart though slow of footstep,
Like a child with all content,
Flowers and mosses there I gathered,
Through the pine-woods as I went.

Suddenly I stopped! Before me,
Long and slender, in the grass
Lay the form I always dreaded—
Lay the form I dared not pass.

Quailed the timid heart within me;
Rapidly I glanced around,
Might some help be near me? might some
Weapon of defense be found?

Half I turned, believing safety
Only could be found in flight;
Then a moment paused, to note him
Basking warmly in the light.

After all, perhaps it might not
Be a *living* snake, I thought;
So, with silent, cautious movement,
From the bush a twig I brought.

Then I stood a while, debating
Whether just one touch to try—
For the twig was quite a long one—
Or at once to turn and fly.

Faint and fainter waxed my courage;
Yet, entranced, I gazed, and strove
To discern by some sure token
If he had the power to move.

Straight across the path extended,
On his skin no stripe nor spot,
Only rings! and he so quiet—
Was he dead, or was he not?

Motionless he lay, but life-like:
Cautiously I bent my head
O'er the smooth, well-rounded body—
"No, he's not alive," I said.

Straight my spectacles I opened,
Set them firmly on my nose,
Nearer drew, till he was lying
Not ten inches from my toes.

"Save my senses!" Doubt was ended!
Not a word I uttered more;
Only through the fragrant pine-wood
Walked I faster than before.

One remark upon this subject
Since that time I often make:
"Strange one should not, in one's senses,
Know a *pine stick* from a snake!"

SALT LAKE CITY.

We publish herewith the first of a series of Salt Lake views, from photographs taken expressly for us by Messrs. Burr & Mogo. The accompanying is a fine view of the block occupied by the mansions of the Mormon prophet, Brigham Young, and by the Church Store and Tithing House, taken from the balcony of the Council House cupola, looking northeast. The large building in front (a little to the left), forming the corner of the block, is the Deseret or Church Store, as will be seen by the signs on either side of it. Like all other structures in Salt Lake City, it is built of adobes, or sun-dried, unburned bricks. It is, however, much improved in appearance by a coating of plaster painted in imitation of stone. At present it is empty, but has been used to store the immense quantities of grain, etc., which the Church accumulates in the harvest season through the payment of tithing by the Mormon people. Here also the merchandise, of which the Church often brings out a large supply, is retailed to the Saints, many of whom, in obedience to "counsel," will not purchase of Gentile merchants. The long, low building, extending some 150 feet to the north from the main building, is the principal receiving office, where the tenth of the produce of the country is taken in as a contribution to the Church fund. What disposition is made of the vast amount of property thus accumulated by the Church is a question creating considerable doubt in "Gentile" minds.

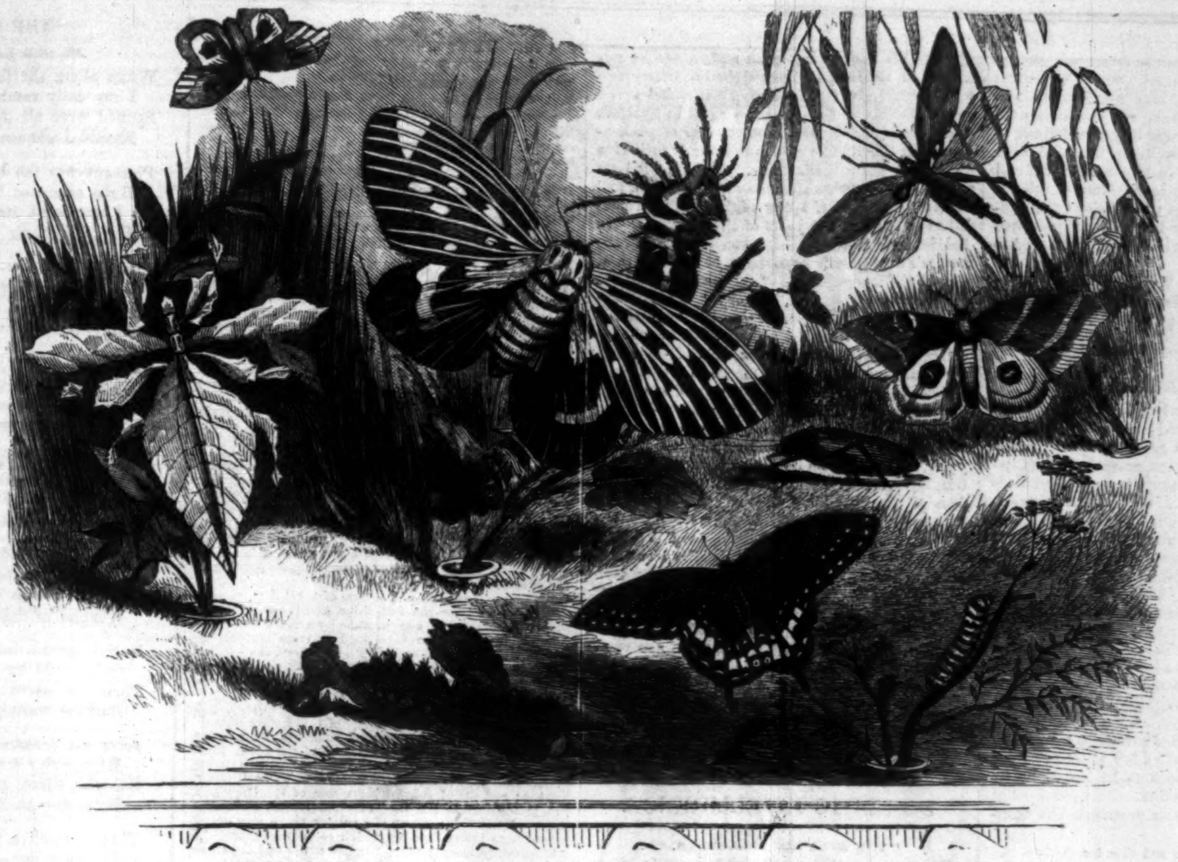
The low buildings immediately to the right of the Deseret Store are the dwellings of Lieutenant-General D. H. Wells, the third counselor of Brigham Young. The fine long house to the right of these, with the picturesque-looking gable windows, is the celebrated *Harem* or Lion House, in which Brigham keeps the greater portion of his generally acknowledged wives. This is really a pretty house, although somewhat faulty in architecture. It receives the appellation of Lion House from the stone lion which surmounts the portico in front. Each of the windows seen opens into a room about twelve or fourteen feet square, and each room is occupied by one of the "spirituals" and her family. The household have larger rooms, such as a dining-room, work-room, and nursery, which are common to the inmates. Still farther to the right stand two small buildings, used as offices, which connect the Lion House with the Mansion House, in which "Lady Young," Brigham's first wife, lives with her own family, separate from the others. It is said that she makes no objection to the Prophet's supporting the "handmaidens of the Lord," as she calls his spirituals; but she objects most decidedly to having them in the same house with her. The mansion has an observatory on the top, which affords a magnificent view of the surrounding valley. This is surmounted by a large bee-hive, the emblem of the "State of Deseret." This building stands on the corner of State Street, which runs back north one square toward the mouth of Brigham's Cañon, and in the opposite direction makes a straight line to the southern extremity of the valley, forming the State road to Provo City.

The reader will not fail to notice the splendid wall of cobble-stone, laid in cement, which surrounds the whole block. This wall is three feet thick at the base, ten feet high, and a foot in thickness at the top. It is divided into sections of about twenty feet by round abutments rising two feet above the remainder of the structure, which are designed to be surmounted at some future time with marble busts of the prominent men in the Church. The wall itself is to be finished off with a coating of cement. Very strong, double gates are placed at convenient points, but these are all kept locked, except one at the Tithing House and one at the Mansion House, at which a guard is constantly kept. The man with the wagon-load of hay, near the corner, is waiting for the arrival of the keeper of the scales, which are near, to have it weighed. The covered wagon near by belongs to a family returning to their home from the South, but have halted to watch the proceedings of our artist.

On the hill immediately to the right of the Mansion is the house which Brigham first erected in the valley. Becoming too small for his rapidly increasing family, he sold it some time since, in England, for $25,000, to an infatuated proselyte. This man died on his way out. When his widow arrived here, seeing how sadly her husband had been duped, she refused to take possession, and it is now occupied by Hiram Clawson, Brigham's son-in-law.

Back of the Lion House may be seen one of Brigham's extensive stables, despoiled of its roof during "the war."

On the extreme left of the picture, and on the left side of Main Street, we have a view of the southeast corner of the Temple Block. Exactly at its outer angle will be seen the small monument marking the initial point from which the United States survey of the Territory was started. Within the wall may be seen blocks of stone prepared for the construction of the Temple, the work on which is suspended for the present. Looking up Main Street, on the right side, and back of the Tithing House, we have a distant view of Heber C. Kimball's property, inclosed by a fine stone wall similar to Brigham's, which defines its limits. Still farther in the background, our view rises over the east bench of the valley, to the foot of a spur of the Wasatch Mountains, in the angle of which the city is situated. At the foot of the depression in the bench seen in the background, toward the left, opens the mouth of Brigham's Cañon. Just at the foot of the mountains to the left the city wall may be traced, with three of its bastions.

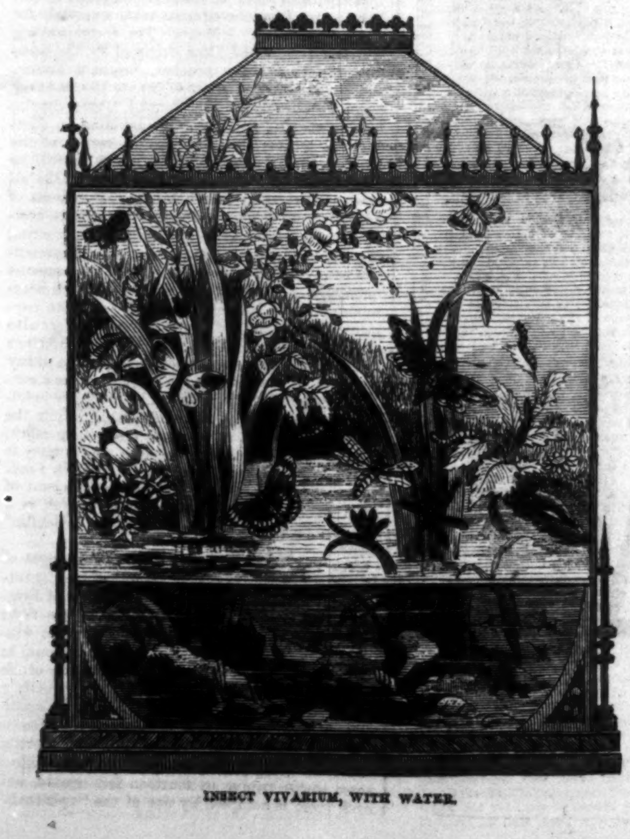


LEAF INSECT. PHALÆNA REGIA. KATYDID.

BUTTERFLY PARKS.

IN No. 29 of our first volume we discussed the formation of the then newly-invented "Drawing-room Fish-ponds," or *Aqua Vivaria*. These ingenious and useful ornaments have since become quite common in American parlors and conservatories, and will do much to give Young America a real love of nature and an intelligent appreciation of her minor wonders. Several works have been published, explanatory of the manner of their construction and preservation; and a new and prosperous branch of industry has sprung up in our midst—that of collecting and arranging the various plants and fishes which experience has taught prosper best in the Aqua Vivarium.

Mr. Noel Humphreys, of London, whose patient experiments mainly contributed to bring the Aqua Vivarium to its present state of perfection, has bethought him of another and equally amusing and instructive toy, which he calls the Butterfly Vivarium, and of which the accompanying illustrations show several varieties.



INSECT VIVARIUM, WITH WATER.

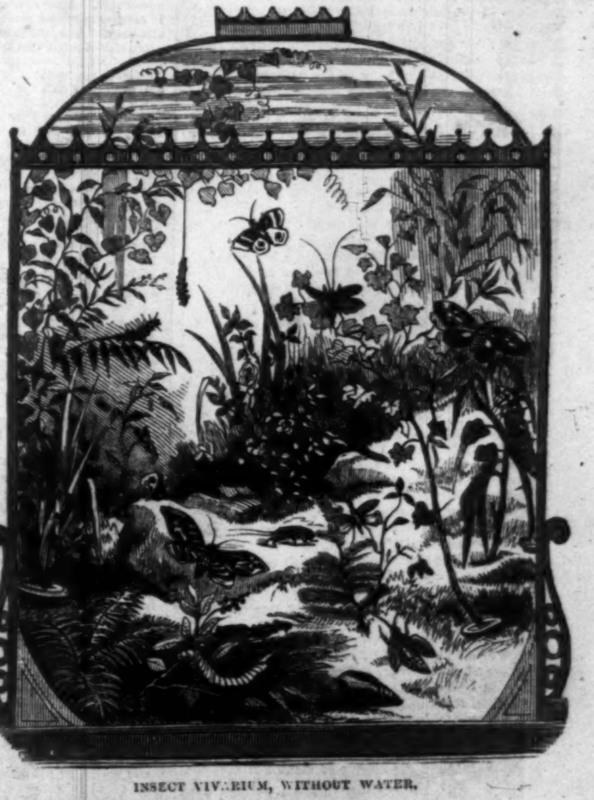
The idea of an Insect Vivarium is by no means new. Entomologists have always found some contrivance of the kind necessary, to enable them to observe and note successfully the various changes which insects undergo before assuming their last or perfect state. The common tin box, filled with fresh leaves, and with the lid perforated for ventilation; the card-board trays for silk-worms; the wooden box sunk in the ground, covered with a wire lid, and peopled with various species of caterpillars—all these entomological expedients are, in fact, vivaria. The special design of Mr. Humphreys is to make the Insect Vivarium an ornamental object for the parlor and conservatory, by which means he hopes to disabuse the ladies of what he calls an unreasonable dread of caterpillars, spiders, and bugs, and to provide them with a means of amusement which will never cease to interest, and will serve effectually to dispel the ennui of a country house.

He proposes a simple glass case or cage, of the proportions of say three feet in length, two feet six inches high, and one foot six inches wide, and to be ventilated from the top by means of a wire cover tastefully formed. Part—or, if preferred, the whole—of the bottom of this case is to be filled with earth, in which to grow the various small plants upon the leaves of which certain caterpillars feed. Small jars or wide-mouthed bottles are inserted in the earth, and receive such small branches of trees as are necessary for the sustenance of certain species of caterpillars, some of whom, for instance, feed only on the leaf of the oak, others on the ash, the privet, and various other trees and large shrubs. These sprigs are thus kept fresh in water for some days, when they can be changed.

The water compartment, which may be added at will, is intended for the nurture and development of water insects.

The whole, therefore, presents an ornamental glass case filled with plants, on the leaves of which shall appear beautiful caterpillars of various colors, and metallic beetles glittering in the sun, while around the flowers will flit moths and butterflies, and dragon flies, with their gorgeously-painted and daintily-reticulated wings. It will be readily admitted that such an object would be most attractive; while it would be difficult to invent a more instructive or educating amusement than that of collecting objects for the Vivarium, and observing intelligently the curious changes in insect life, from the egg, snugly deposited in its nest, through the various stages of development to the appearance of the animal in the final state.

A few words as to the construction of the Insect Vivarium must serve as hints to those who have leisure and taste for the experiment. If the Vivarium is intended to be divided into water and land, the water will be contained in a tin or zinc case, against which (except in the front, where glass is substituted for zinc) the earth is laid. One of our illustrations shows the best shape to give the water. A few water-plants, such as flourish in the aquarium; a little tastefully-arranged rock-work, which may conceal two or three shallow flower-pots filled with earth, from which may grow such water-plants as need to have their roots in earth; a layer of small and pretty pebbles to cover the bottom; some snails to keep the water clear; a few small fish to give life to the mimic lake; in short, the various objects common to the Aqua Vivarium render this part complete. Among the fish should be introduced the nest-building stickleback, of whose singular habits some account will be found in our previous article on the Aquarium.



INSECT VIVARIUM, WITHOUT WATER.

The land portion must be underdrained by means of a layer of potsherds, say three inches deep. Common grasses—especially those kinds which grow low—constitute the staple planting. Zinc cases inserted in the soil will receive the water-bottles for sprigs of trees. Some flower-pots, inserted up to their rims here and there, and containing low-growing flowers, will give variety to the miniature landscape. And now the Insect Vivarium is ready to be stocked.

Here some preliminary familiarity with entomology is presupposed. But given the Butterfly Park, ready for stocking, and the acquisition of sufficient insect lore for the purpose will not appear burdensome. We have space only to suggest that the larvæ of the various species of dragon-fly will be found very interesting acquisitions, they undergoing most remarkable transformations. Water-beetles, a few larvæ of the gnat, and, above all, the curious water-spider, with his diving-bell formed of a glistening silver globule of air, must not be omitted. Other aquatic insects will readily suggest themselves to the reader.

Of butterflies and caterpillars any one can choose for himself, taking care only that the insects chosen may find their proper and natural food in their artificial home. Thus the caterpillar of the magnificent *Phalæna Regia*, which, with its butterfly, is shown in our larger illustration, and which is found in the Southern States, where the negroes call it, on account of its ferocious appearance, the "horned devil," feeds on hickory leaves. Eggs of this butterfly would be a valuable acquisition to any Insect Vivarium.

The curious leaf-insect, sketched also in our larger illustration, would be another most valuable acquisition. With some account of a specimen of this insect, raised in England, we must close this paper. A lady residing in one of the British Indian provinces, where this insect is common, brought some living specimens with her, which, however, unfortunately died on the passage. She then had some eggs sent to her, and these were hatched. The larvæ, it was found, fed readily upon the leaves of the common European myrtle. The larva itself was highly curious, the leafy character showing itself already upon the upper joints of the legs. It was at first of a brownish-yellow color, but when settled to its food assumed a bright green. Its tail was slightly curved up: just about as much as the curve of the myrtle leaf. The curve would be the wrong way were it not that it walks backward, which brings it right. It undergoes three moults, the first occurring nearly ten months after it was hatched. It was noticed that it ate up its cast-off skin. The second and third moultings took place in three and two months after; and at the third the animal assumed its final shape. Those portions of the body which now first escaped from the skin expanded suddenly to one-fourth greater size than those remaining confined. The wings, at first beautifully green, shortly assumed a yellow border, as of a leaf in autumn, and by degrees the whole insect became brown, like a leaf about to fall. This is the sign of its decay, which seems to have some extraordinary analogy with that of real leaves. So perfect is the resemblance of this insect to a natural leaf, that when visitors were admitted to see it they refused to believe it possessed of life till it was touched with a stick and forced to crawl along.

The lovers of the Aqua Vivarium will, we think, be pleased with this addition of a Butterfly Park to their Drawing-room Fish-ponds.

LITERARY.

MR. "FESTUS" BAILEY is again in the field with a poem. We confess frankly to the literary crime of admiring Mr. Bailey's greatest work. Festus is a wonder of literature, and possesses all the elements of grandeur and beauty in poetry. This is our general opinion of it. We shall not pause to say any thing of its faults, which are as great and glaring as its merits. But having confessed thus much, we are free to express regret at his various appearances since the publication of that book, and particularly at this last. THE AGE, a satire, is a cold, dull failure. As we read we begin to fancy a letter left out of the name. It is shaky and agueish; feverish and frigid by turns. As a poem it is without merit, and one is surprised to find that the man who could write such satire as Lucifer's sermon in Festus, could be guilty of the trash that fills this volume.

Lest there be any doubt of our entire correctness in this view, we shall make a few extracts for our readers, and leave the book to be looked up by those who care to read farther.

Here is a hit at popular preachers like Spurgeon:

Is't because Boanerges roar and thunder
They draw such flocks? For much it moves my wonder
That crowds, with joy so marked, it might be shammed,
Should rush to hear themselves so loudly damned;
And all, in tones that might volcanoes quell,
Obstreperously ordered off to—well,
The word's tabooed, it ends, I think, in "l."
But wedged in tight 'twixt muslin and brocade,
A sobbing matron and a shuddering maid;
With tears one reddens her Junonian eyes,
One bursts her new French bodice with her sighs,
Ah me! what sins their memories must comprise!
Sweet sympathy there drives a roaring trade,
And makes, or finds, some martyrs, I'm afraid.

That there is truth in what he says of newspapers is not to be doubted; but surely all this has been better said a hundred times, and by men who did not put it into rhyme and call it satire:

From filling, first, a very humble post,
The Typocrat now rules from coast to coast;
Who, rattling off a leader while you're winking,
Has almost stifled independent thinking.
As people pray in Tartary by machines,
So here by dailies, weeklies, magazines,
Each turns his wordy mill, which nothing means;
So deftly now the Press, of scribbling power,
Inflates the favorite folly of the hour;
Some grand delusion happily long covert,
But ripe at last for sale in market overt;
That when its influence seems most comprehensive,
Its worthlessness but shows the more extensive.
And this because its prosperousness depends
Not on its speaking truth, but making friends,
Sway o'er weak minds, and gain, its only ends.
Has ever one, when war-tide was at flood,
Called to the people, "Hold, friends! it were good,
Ere we commit our hands to blows or blood,
To scan those maxims which in cooler hours
We have maintained as Christians must be ours,
And conscience may admit as motive powers?"
Soon as the scent of blood first taints the air,
The sleuth-hounds of the Press at once are there.
All philanthropic cant is cast away;
To rouse ill passions is to make them pay.
With polished pens and learning at command,
Although their reasoning rarely could withstand
A Sunday scholar's logic in the land,
Yet types the Press the body of the nation:
That is, the minds of mediocre station.

It is not that there is want of truth in what he says, but he has a very commonplace, stupid way of saying it. This is perhaps the best passage in the volume:

All good is liable to be abused;
But poesie in passion stands excused.
Be this distinctly, wholly understood,
Men must be agitated for their good;
Grapes must be trodden first, and grain be ground,
Ere wine be looked for, or ere bread be found.
Though some opinions we are apt to shy at,
Opinion hurts not truth, though it run riot;
It's error always begs and prays for quiet.
And aught that men do glorious or right,
They do with heart, with ardor, and with might.
'Tis not the dull, dry, calculated facts
Which stiff geometry from squares exacts,
That marks the progress of the human mind,
Or renders man more noble, more refined;
The demi-gods of these things nothing knew;
Nor sage nor hero recked if false or true.
Are our souls whiter, now, for gravitation?
Do asympotes assist the soul's salvation?
Are cube roots paradisal vegetation?
How may it morally advantage us,
Surd, sine, co-sine, and tangent to discuss,
Or sum the differential calculus?
But what we learn from him the French call Shakspère,
Milton, or any other learned tax-payer,
Of ancient times or modern, once impressed,
Rules the broad empire of man's holy breast.
Look back through all the ages earth hath known,
And half the glory, poets, is your own;
High o'er all kings and heroes take your throne.
The love of gold, power, honor, native land,
Exerts, at times, o'er men severe command.
Persuasion, for a brief but splendid day,
Over the restless crowd may boast her sway,
But Poesie can rule the world for aye;
Forever rule, dictatress of the mind,
The manners, and the morals of mankind!

The English Publishers' Circular gives a valuable summary of the law of copyrights. It says:

"The present laws respecting the duration of copyright in the various European nations are as follows: In England the copyright lasts forty-two years absolutely, for the author's life, and seven years after his death. In Greece and in Sardinia it lasts only fifteen years from the date of publication. In the Roman States it extends to twelve years after the author's death. In Russia it lasts for twenty-five years after the author's death, and for ten years more if a new edition has been published in the last five years of the first term. In Belgium and Sweden it lasts twenty years after the author's death, with a provision, in Sweden, that, should the representative of the author neglect to continue the publication, the copyright falls to the State. In France it lasts for the benefit of children or widow (that is, to the widow, if she be what is called in France, *en communauté de biens*—a peculiar arrangement in French marriage settlements, which establishes between husband and wife a perfect community in each other's property) thirty years after the author's death, but to other representatives only ten years. In Spain it lasts fifty years, reckoning from the author's death. In Austria, Bavaria, Portugal, Prussia, Saxony, the Kingdom of the Two Sicilies, Wurtemberg, and the States of the Germanic Confederation, it lasts thirty years from the author's death, to all his heirs and assigns without distinction; and in Denmark, till so recently as 1858, it lasted an indefinite period, provided the work was kept in print; now, however, it is restricted to a period of thirty years after the author's death, with a provision that republication by others is permitted when five years have elapsed in which a work has been out of print. In the United States copyright lasts for twenty-eight years, and an extension of fourteen years is granted to the author, if he lives, or to his widow, children, and grandchildren."

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

THE ATLANTIC TELEGRAPH.

THE Telegraph continues to work successfully. News messages have been received twice during the past week, and it would seem that the cable might be set to work immediately. On Wednesday (September 1) it will be opened for general business. Hundreds of messages are waiting their turn to be transmitted.

ANSWER FROM THE LORD MAYOR OF LONDON.

It will be remembered that Mayor Tiemann sent a message to the Lord Mayor of London, congratulating him on the success of the cable. The following reply was received at the Mayor's office last week:

"LONDON, *Monday, Aug. 23.*

"*From the Lord Mayor of London, to Hon. D. F. Tiemann, Mayor of New York.*

"The Lord Mayor of London most cordially reciprocates the congratulations of the Mayor of New York upon the success of so important an undertaking as the completion of the Atlantic Telegraph Cable. It is, indeed, one of the most glorious triumphs of the age, and reflects the highest credit upon the energy, skill, and perseverance of all parties intrusted with so difficult a duty; and the Lord Mayor sincerely hopes that, by the blessing of Almighty God, it may be the means of cementing the kind feelings which now exist between the two countries.

"R. W. CARDEN, *Lord Mayor of London.*"

THE FRAZER RIVER MINES.—SPEECH OF GOVERNOR DOUGLAS.

The news from the mines on Frazer River confirms the accounts of their richness, and relieves the anxiety that many had felt respecting the miners. To a party of these Governor Douglas, of Vancouver's Island, has made a speech, in which he said:

"MY FRIENDS,—You wish me to speak to you about Frazer River, and get my advice about going there, and my opinion of the country. Now, I will tell you all, plainly, that I will not take the responsibility of giving my advice on the subject. You have all heard what has been said of Frazer River, and I know nothing more about the gold than has already been told you by others. Had you sent to ask my opinion about Frazer River before you left California, I would have told you, one and all, not to leave your quiet homes—not to give up the substance for a shadow, and wait, patiently, until something more definite was known about the country. Now, suppose I were to tell you so. Suppose I were to advise you, one and all, to return, immediately, to your homes, without going further, what would the answer be? Why, you would all refuse to do so—you would say that course will never suit. After the trouble and expense we have had in coming here, we must go to the end—we must see the elephant. And, perhaps, you might think that I had some object to gain in keeping you from going to Frazer River. Now, I know, men, what you wish me to tell you. You wish me to say there are lots of gold in Frazer River; but that I will not say; because I am not certain of the fact myself. But this I will tell you, as my own settled opinion, that I think the country is full of gold, and that east and north and south of Frazer River there is a gold-field of incalculable value and extent. I have told our glorious Queen so, and I now tell you so; and, if I mistake not, you are the very men who can prove by your energy and enterprise whether my opinion be right or wrong. Remember, I do not give you that statement as an established fact, but simply as an opinion, founded on what I have actually seen myself, and heard from others who know the country.

HOW TO MANAGE AT FRAZER'S RIVER.

"Now, what more can I say to you, but go on and prospect? and in a few short weeks you will be able to tell me what Frazer River is. Take mining tools and food in abundance; you will then be independent of others, and may go to whatever part of the country you choose. I would not advise you to go beyond Fort Yale with your canoes, as the river is dangerous above that point; neither would I advise you to take the Fort Hope Road, as you can not carry enough of provisions to last you over the journey. The route by Harrison River I think is the best, and we are now preparing to get a road opened in that way; in fact, I expect to see teams and wagons on the twenty mile portage that divides that river from Anderson Lake, before many months are over. That is a safe and accessible route at all seasons to Upper Frazer River. Let me say one word about the Indians. They are all friendly, and all thievish; therefore have an eye to your things, and do not leave them exposed, for in that case the Indians will steal them. Get on with them as quietly as you can, and Government will protect you. Be careful of your revolvers, and be not too ready to use them in your own cause. The law of the land will do its work without fear and without favor. Therefore appeal to it in all cases; let it do justice between man and man; let it defend your rights and avenge your wrongs. Now, my friends, go on and prosper; there is hard work before you, and I hope you will be repaid with rich strikes and big nuggets. One word more about the views of Government. The miner who acts in submission to the laws, and pays the Queen's dues like an honest man, shall be protected in person and property, and as soon as good and trusty men are found, measures will be taken for the conveyance and escort of gold from the mines to this place. Every miner will give in his own sack, and his own weight, and have it addressed and sealed in his own presence, and get a receipt for a sack said to contain so much gold dust. It will be deposited in the public treasury at Victoria, and delivered to the owners on production of the deposit receipt. There will be a charge made for the expense of conveyance, but that will be a small matter compared to the security of your property. I now wish you all well, and shall not detain you by any further remarks."

STORY ABOUT THE QUEEN'S MESSAGE.

A Washington correspondent says: "I have heard from a high source to-day a somewhat singular statement, which, if true (and I can not doubt it), explains two matters; namely, first, how the President was secured from being hoaxed in the matter of the Queen's message on the subatlantic telegraph; and, secondly, why he should come from the Soldiers' Home into the city, near midnight, to write his answer. The statement is, that copies of both documents were prepared some time ago and exchanged between the parties, and that Queen Victoria's note and a copy of Mr. Buchanan's reply were locked up in the State Department. This was done, it is said, to prevent imposition—and a very admirable plan it certainly was. The reason why the President returned to the city at night is hereby made obvious, as it undoubtedly was for the purpose of comparing the message sent to him with the copy previously placed in his possession, and also to obtain his own prepared reply from the State Department. The fact of the Queen's message being incomplete, and what was the substance of the closing portion, seems to have been known to Mr. Buchanan when he wrote his reply; and the wording of the reply itself favors the latter assumption."

FESTIVITIES AT NEWPORT.

A correspondent of the *Express* writes: "The ball at the Fillmore, given in honor of Colonel Magruder, of Fort Adams, is pronounced unsurpassed in the splendor and perfection of its getting up by any similar affair, either in Newport, Saratoga, or New York. Even in the great demonstrations in the New York Academy of Music there was by no means so large a proportion of magnificently dressed women, who are necessarily the great feature of such occasions.

"The spacious halls and parlors of the Fillmore were all thrown open for the festivities, and the wide piazza had been inclosed for a promenade by a massive awning at the sides, while the variegated Chinese lanterns of pink, blue, green, and other brilliant colors, shed lustre upon the numerous couples who were walking or sitting within it.

"The dancing-hall had been arrayed with a most lavish adornment of flags, pink and white streamers, and flowers, and the military character of this festive compliment to Colonel Magruder was betokened by a large evergreen M on the wall, at one end of the room, from which radiated a large number of unsheathed swords attached in a circle around it. The room was brilliantly lighted; and with the inspiring music of the Germanians, in addition to the four hundred bottles of Champagne said to be drunk at the supper, there was every stimulus to active dancing which could be demanded; and certainly, from the first Lancers to the last German, never were the opportunities for dancing more sedulously improved; and the sun of this morning rose from his ocean bed to witness the closing efforts of the young dancers.

"Of the large number of well-known persons present I may mention Senator Gwin, of California; George Bancroft; Theodore Sedgwick, District Attorney for New York; Hon. G. S. Hilliard, of Boston; Henry T. Tuckerman; Staigg, the artist; R. B. Minturn, of New York; Francis Corbin, an American resident of long standing in Paris; William C. Rives, of Virginia; Ehninger, the artist; J. Winthrop Chanler, Member of the New York Legislature; C. C. Cambreling, Jun.; and others."

MORE ABOUT THE LORDS.

He adds:

"Two of the four young noblemen, who have been the rage of society, are said to have been present, though I saw but one. Lord Riblesdale was one of the Committee of Managers of the ball. Concerning one of these gentlemen a story is told, showing the tricks which are played on unsuspecting travelers. I can not vouch for it, however. It appears that he was introduced to Tennant, familiarly known as 'Dr. Tennant,' the very free-and-easy livery stable man of Newport, and taking him for a medical man of a social pleasure-seeking turn, rather enjoyed a few minutes' acquaintance with him, going so far as to accept Tennant's invitation for a ride to a matinée at Mr. Bancroft's, to which the youthful noble was going. What was his surprise on reaching the door of that fashionable mansion, to hear in response to the question, 'Doctor, why don't you come in?' the reply, 'I thank you, Lord ——, I prefer to stay on the box; I'm not invited.'

"The young lords are somewhat surprised at the attentions they receive in American society, which are so much more than boys of their age ever obtain at home. During the ball a lady guest rather bothered one of the juveniles by asking his title. 'Lord ——,' was the reply. 'I know that,' replied the lady; 'but have you no other title at home?' 'Oh, yes,' responded the lord, 'father calls me Freddy.'"

THE GRAND BALL AT NAHANT.

The Boston *Transcript* says: "Whether got up to celebrate the great event of the age, or as a compliment to the New York Yacht squadron, or for the 'benefit of whom it may concern,' the grand ball at the Nahant House on Tuesday evening was a grand success. The tickets were $10 each, admitting one gentleman and ladies *ad libitum*, and, as a matter of course, there was a liberal balance on the right side. As a good many 'complimentary tickets' were represented, the company must have numbered nearly four hundred persons.

"The halls and saloons of the hotel were gayly decorated and illuminated; and the full 'Germania Band,' from Boston, to use a rather rare quotation, 'discoursed most eloquent music.' The ball opened at a little after nine o'clock, and was continued till morning. Among the distinguished guests who lent grace and dignity to the occasion, were Lady Napier, Fanny Kemble, Professor Longfellow, etc., etc. The Committee of Managers consisted of the following named gentlemen: Francis Bacon, Sidney Webster, George B. Chase, Henry Sigourney, C. Levi Woodbury, Martin Brimmer, James F. Ruggles, and George R. R. Sturgis.

"The 'beauty and fashion' of Boston were largely represented, with a spare sprinkling of belles from New York, Philadelphia, Washington, and the 'Sunny South.' The yacht squadron was represented by Captain Duncan, of the *Una*, and Captain Thacher, of the *Restless*, the only two of the fleet of twenty brave enough to face a northeaster around the Cape. The supper-table was a handsome and artistic portion of the entertainment; and the scene after the ladies retired to 'rosy rest,' one of music, mirth, and jollity. We repeat, the ball was a grand success."

MARRIAGE OF MISS CASS.

A letter-writer from Stonington, Connecticut, thus describes this interesting ceremony:

"This usually somewhat quiet village was thrown into a state of unaccustomed excitement by the telegraphic announcement that the venerable Secretary of State had left Washington *en route* for Stonington, to attend the marriage of his daughter to the Minister of his Highness the King of the Netherlands. Unlike many of the utterances per telegraph from the national capital, the news in this instance proved reliable, and this afternoon, having obtained the *entrée* to the church by favor of a friend of the parties, your correspondent had the gratification of witnessing the ceremonies which united the fascinating Miss Isabella Cass to his Excellency Boest Van Limburg, Minister Resident, etc.

"Calvary Church (Episcopal) in which the marriage took place, is one of the most tasteful among the many elegant religious edifices in this place, and is built in the old English style, of native granite, with Gothic windows, etc., presenting a unique and graceful appearance. Its rector, Rev. Daniel C. Weston, who officiated on this occasion, is an admirable elocutionist, as his fine reading of the matrimonial service amply attested.

"The ceremonies, which were strictly private, in accordance with the wishes of the parties, were commenced precisely at two o'clock P.M., when the bride entered the church leaning upon the arm of her venerable and distinguished father, and followed by M. Van Limburg, Mrs. Canfield, and Mrs. Ledyard (daughters of General Cass), Mr. Zimmerman, Acting Consul-General for the kingdom of the Netherlands at New York, and Mr. Ledyard and family. The bride was plainly, but richly attired, in an ashes of roses silk traveling dress, with mantilla to match, and a mazarin blue French hat of the latest style, and presented a charming appearance. M. Van Limburg also appeared to much advantage, and wore with much grace the various decorations his eminent services have deservedly won for him. He looked between thirty-five and forty years of age, and presented that indescribable air of happiness which generally characterizes the more juvenile members of the community at such interesting moments, with, however, the self-possessed *savoir faire* of the man of the world.

"The responses of the parties were exceedingly distinct, the bride in particular making her answers in a tone low, but so clear as to be heard with thrilling effect by all; and the service, beautiful and affecting as it generally is, lost nothing by the admirable delivery of the officiating clergyman.

"Upon the conclusion of the ceremony the bridal party retired to the vestry for a few moments, probably for the purpose of duly attesting the marriage certificate, and soon after left the church, taking the three o'clock train for Providence, from whence the "happy pair" are to go on to the cottage of M. Van Limburg at Newport, where they will probably remain till the close of the season."

A MAMMOTH TRAIN ON THE PLAINS.

A paper of Atchison, Kansas, says: "The largest train, started by private enterprise, that ever crossed the Plains, is now outfitting in this city, at the warehouse of L. C. Challiss. It will be composed of 25 mule and 80 ox wagons, making 105 wagons, and requiring 200 mules, 1000 head of cattle, 50 horses, 225 men, and will carry out 465,500 pounds of assorted merchandise. This mammoth train is owned by Messrs. Hockaday, Burr, & Co., who design to establish a chain of station stores on the line from Atchison to Salt Lake City, making Atchison the principal dépôt and outfitting point. Messrs. Hockaday, Burr, & Co. have the contract for carrying the Salt Lake mail, and their design is to locate these stores all along the mail route, to supply their trains as they pass, and also to furnish the people of the Plains with merchandise. They will thus avoid the necessity of carrying supplies with each mail train, as has heretofore been the custom. Mr. Hockaday, the senior partner of the firm, is now in this place, personally superintending the loading of his goods. The enterprise he has undertaken is a gigantic one, but will be a great promoter of civilization and settlement in the vast territory west of us."

A CHOICE OF WORKHOUSES.

A friend of ours, who has served as Inspector of our House of Industry, told us of an amusing case of epicureanism in poverty that once came under his notice. "How do you like it here?" he asked of one of his male charges. "Pretty well, Sir," said he, "as regards the fare, but you might do better about the clothes." "Ah?" "If I should be allowed to state my preferences," continued the pauper, "I should say give me Boston for its table, Portsmouth for its wardrobe, and Concord for general freedom, extending to the refinements of social life. I've tried 'em all, Sir, and if ever you come to it, you will find it just as I tell you."

EXTRAORDINARY METHOD OF KILLING ONE'S SELF.

A recent California paper contains a letter from Frederick Lichtenberger, M.D., who states that a companion named Ernest Fluchterspiegel, while prospecting for gold in the neighborhood of Frazer River, found some "geodes," which are masses of quartz containing a pint of fluid called the "water of crystallization," which was drank by the unfortunate man, with a jesting remark; and soon after he complained of great weight and pain in his stomach and bowels. In a short time he died, and his body instantly became rigid, and in a few hours petrifaction took place, the whole body—flesh, blood, heart, liver, intestines, etc.—becoming stone. Thus, by drinking half a pint, the poor fellow became quartz.

PERSONAL.

A Washington letter-writer says: "I deeply regret that General Cass grows more feeble every day. His attention to the duties of his Department has been incessant; but he has not been well for several months. I most sincerely hope that he may obtain rest and rescue from his proposed jaunt. The onerous duties of the Department of State are entirely too much for his constitution.

"Mr. Buchanan, however, comes back from Bedford greatly strengthened in health. Bedford's is, indeed, the water that restores one to new life."

FOREIGN NEWS.

GREAT BRITAIN.

THE REPORT OF THE "AGAMEMNON."

WE have the full report of the engineers who laid the cable from the *Agamemnon*, and proceed to give copious extracts therefrom.

After describing how the *Agamemnon* arrived at the rendezvous, the report says:

THE SPLICE.

"The day was beautifully calm, so no time was to be lost before making the splice; boats were soon lowered from the attendant ships, the two vessels made fast by a hawser, and the *Niagara's* end of the cable conveyed on board the *Agamemnon*. About half past twelve o'clock the splice was effectually made, but with materials very different from carefully rounded semicircular boards which had been used to inclose the junctions on previous occasions. It consisted merely of two straight boards hauled over the joining, with the iron rod and leaden plummet attached to the centre. In hoisting it out from the side of the ship, however, the leaden sinker broke short off and fell overboard; and there being no more convenient weight at hand, a 32-pound shot was fastened to the splice instead, and the whole apparatus was quickly dropped into the sea without any formality, and, indeed, almost without a spectator, for those on board the ship had witnessed so many beginnings to the telegraphic line, that it was evident they despaired of there ever being an end to it. The stipulated 210 fathoms of cable having been payed out to allow the splice to sink well below the surface, the signal to start was hoisted, the hawser cast loose, and the *Niagara* and *Agamemnon* started for the last time for their opposite destinations.

A WHALE.

"Shortly after six o'clock a very large whale was seen approaching the starboard bow at a great speed, rolling and tossing the sea into foam all around, and for the first time we felt the possibility of the supposition that our second mysterious breakage might have been caused after all by one of these animals getting foul of it under water. It appeared as if it were making direct for the cable, and great was the relief of all when the ponderous living mass was seen slowly to pass astern, but fortunately without doing any mischief."

A MOMENT OF TERRIBLE EXCITEMENT.

"Soon after eight o'clock an injured portion of the cable was discovered about a mile or two from the portion paying out; not a moment was lost by Mr. Canning, the engineer on duty, in setting men to work to cobble up the injury as well as time would permit, for the cable was going out at such a rate that the damaged portion would be payed overboard in less than twenty minutes, and former experience had shown us that to check either the speed of the ship or the cable would, in all probability, be attended by the most fatal results. Just before the lapping was finished Professor Thomson reported that the electrical continuity of the wire had ceased, but the insulation was still perfect; attention was naturally directed to the injured piece as the probable source of the stoppage, and not a moment was lost in cutting the cable at that point, with the intention of making a perfect splice. To the consternation of all, the electrical tests applied showed the fault to be overboard, and in all probability some fifty miles from the ship. Not a second was to be lost, for it was evident that the cut portion must be payed overboard in a few minutes, and in the mean time the tedious and difficult operation of making a splice had to be performed. The ship was immediately stopped, and no more cable payed out than was absolutely necessary to prevent it breaking. As the stern of the ship was lifted by the waves a scene of the most intense excitement followed. It seemed impossible, even by using the greatest possible speed, and paying out the least possible amount of cable, that the junction could be finished before the part was taken out of the hands of the workmen. The main hold presented an extraordinary scene; nearly all the officers of the ship and of those connected with the expedition stood in groups about the coil, watching with intense anxiety the cable, as it slowly unwound itself nearer and nearer the joint, while the workmen, directed by Mr. Canning, under whose superintendence the cable was originally manufactured, worked at the splice as only men could work who felt that the life and death of the expedition depended upon their rapidity. But all their speed was to no purpose, as the cable was unwinding within a hundred fathoms, and, as a last and desperate resource, the cable was stopped altogether, and for a few minutes the ship hung on by the end. Fortunately, however, it was only for a few minutes, as the strain was continually rising above two tons, and it would not hold on much longer; when the splice was finished the signal was made to loose the stopper, and it passed overboard safely enough.

DESPAIR, AND HOPE AGAIN.

"When the excitement consequent upon having so narrowly saved the cable had passed away, we awoke to the consciousness that the case was still as hopeless as ever, for the electrical continuity was still entirely wanting. Preparations were consequently made to pay out as little rope as possible, and to hold on for six hours, in the hopes that the fault, whatever it might be, might mend itself before cutting the cable and returning to the rendezvous to make another splice. The magnetic needles on the receiving instruments were watched closely for the returning signals; when in a few minutes the last hope was extinguished by their suddenly indicating dead earth, which tended to show that the cable had broken from the *Niagara*, or that the insulation had been completely destroyed. In three minutes, however, every one was agreeably surprised by the intelligence that the stoppage had disappeared, and that the signals had again appeared at their regular intervals from the *Niagara*. It is needless to say what a load of anxiety this news removed from the minds of every one.

GOING TO BURN THEIR MASTS.

"On Friday, 30th, toward the evening, it blew almost a gale of wind from the eastward dead ahead of our course. As the breeze freshened, the speed of the engines was gradually increased; but the wind more than increased in proportion, so before the sun went down the *Agamemnon* was going full steam against the wind, only making a speed of about four knots an hour. During the evening topmasts were lowered, and spars, yards, sails, and, indeed, every thing aloft that could offer resistance to the wind was sent down on deck; but still the ship made but little way, chiefly in consequence of the heavy sea, though the enormous quantity of fuel consumed showed us that, if the wind lasted, we should be reduced to burning the masts, spars, and even the decks, to bring the ship into Valentia. It seemed to be our particular ill-fortune to meet with head winds whichever way the ship's head was turned. On our journey out we had been delayed and obliged to consume an undue proportion of coal for want of an easterly wind, and now all our fuel was wanted because of one.

THE GALE IN EARNEST.

"During the afternoon of Saturday the wind again freshened up, and before nightfall it again blew nearly a gale of wind, and a tremendous sea ran before it from the southwest, which made the *Agamemnon* pitch to such an extent that it was thought impossible the cable could hold on through the night; indeed, had it not been for the constant care and watchfulness exercised by Mr. Bright and the two energetic engineers, Mr. Canning and Mr. Clifford, who acted with him, it could not have been done at all. Men were kept at the wheels of the machine to prevent their stopping, as the stern of the ship rose and fell with the sea, for had they done so the cable must undoubtedly have parted. During Sunday the sea and wind increased, and before the evening it blew a smart gale. Now, indeed, were the energy and activity of all engaged in the operation tasked to the utmost. Mr. Hoar and Mr. Moore, the two engineers who had the charge of the relieving wheels of the dynamometer, had to keep watch and watch alternately every four hours, and while on duty durst not let their attention be removed from their occupation for one moment; for on their releasing the brakes every time the stern of the ship fell into the trough of the sea entirely depended the safety of the cable, and the result shows how ably they discharged their duty. Throughout the night there were few who had the least expectation of the cable holding on till morning, and many remained awake listening for the sound that all most dreaded to hear—viz., the gun which should announce the failure of all our hopes. But still the cable, which, in comparison with the ship from which it was payed out and the gigantic waves among which it was delivered, was but a mere thread, continued to hold on, only leaving a silvery phosphorous line upon the stupendous seas as they rolled on toward the ship.

A BRITISH OUTRAGE.

"About three o'clock on Tuesday morning all on board were startled from their beds by the loud booming of a gun. Every one, without waiting for the performance of the most particular toilet, rushed on deck to ascertain the cause of the disturbance. Contrary to all expectation, the cable was safe, but just in the gray light could be seen the *Valorous*—rounded, too, in the most warlike attitude—firing gun after gun in quick succession toward a large American bark, which, quite unconscious of our proceeding, was standing right across our stern. Such loud and repeated remonstrances from so large a steam frigate were not to be despised, and, evidently without knowing the why or the wherefore, she quickly threw her sails aback and remained hove to. Whether those on board her considered that we were engaged in some filibustering expedition, or regarded our proceedings as another British outrage upon the American flag, it is impossible to say, but certain it is that, apparently in great trepidation, she remained hove to until we had lost sight of her in the distance.

LAND.

"By daylight on the morning of Thursday the bold and rocky mountains which entirely surround the wild and picturesque neighborhood of Valentia rose right before us at a few miles' distance. Never, probably, was the sight of the land more welcome, as it brought to a successful termination one of the greatest, but, at the same time, most difficult schemes which was ever undertaken. Had it been the dullest and most melancholy swamp on the face of the earth that lay before us we should have found it a pleasant prospect; but as the sun rose from the estuary of Dingle Bay, tinging with a deep soft purple the lofty summits of the steep mountains which surround its shores, and illuminating the masses of morning vapor which hung upon them, it was a scene which might vie in beauty with any thing that could be produced by the most florid imagination of an artist. No one on shore was, apparently, conscious of our approach, so the *Valorous* steamed ahead to the mouth of the harbor and fired a gun. Both ships made straight for Dowlas Bay, and about six o'clock came to anchor at the side of Beginish Island, opposite to Valentia. As soon as the inhabitants became aware of our approach there was a general desertion of the place, and hundreds of boats crowded round us, their passengers in the greatest state of excitement to hear all about our voyage. Soon after our arrival a signal was received from the *Niagara* that they were preparing to land, having payed out 1030 nautical miles of cable, while the *Agamemnon* had accomplished her portion of the distance with an expenditure of 1020 miles, making the total length of the wire submerged 2050 geographical miles. Immediately after the ships cast anchor the paddle-box boats of the *Valorous* were got ready, and two miles of cable coiled away in them, for the purpose of landing the end; but it was late in the afternoon before the procession of boats left the ship, under a salute of three rounds of small arms from the detachment of marines on board the *Agamemnon*, under the command of Lieutenant Morris. At about three o'clock the end was safely brought on shore at Knightstown, Valentia, by Mr. Bright and Mr. Canning, the chief and second engineers. The end was immediately laid in the trench which had been dug to receive it, while a royal salute, making the neighboring rocks and mountains reverberate, announced that the communication between the Old and the New World had been completed. The end was immediately taken into the electrical room by Mr. Whitehouse, and attached to a galvanometer, and the first message was received through the entire length."

THE HOUSE OF COMMONS JUDGED BY AN AMERICAN.

The editor of the New York *Times*, Mr. Raymond, is in England, and thus writes concerning the House of Commons: "What strikes an American most, in contrasting or comparing the proceedings of the House of Commons with those of our House of Representatives, is the business-like air and manner of the former. Whenever a question comes up it is *debated*. The speeches made are upon the subject under discussion, and they are alternately from friends and opponents of the measure in question. One advocates it, and is answered by another, who, in turn, is replied to; and so the discussion proceeds to its close. In our House, as every body knows, such a debate is almost unknown. We have either long speeches, made for constituent and for political effect, or else personal passages, which degenerate into wrangles. These are serious defects in a legislative body, and ought to be remedied. It seems to me that the writing-desks, the hour rule, and the Committee of the Whole on the State of the Union, have contributed very largely to the existing state of things."

THE LONDON PREACHERS.

He has this to say of the preachers of the day: "I went to hear another English celebrity—Mr. Spurgeon, who continues to preach to enormous congregations, and with undiminished popularity, which it is not easy to explain or understand. He is neither able nor eloquent. He is excessively commonplace in both matter and manner. He has a clear voice, very great fluency in the construction and utterance of sentences, and a certain directness in his style of thought and expression. But he is excessively shallow, and frequently sophistical to a degree absolutely insulting to the understanding of his hearers. There are at least half a dozen clergymen in New York who are not only far abler preachers, but who would seem to have the elements of popularity in a far greater degree. Dr. Cumming, the expounder of prophecy and the Apocalypse, preaches to crowded congregations and with more ability than Mr. S. I suspect something of the popularity of both these men is due to the fact that they *speak* their sermons, instead of singing them. I heard the celebrated Frederick Denison Maurice preach a very able and interesting discourse at the Chapel of Lincoln's Inn; but it was done with a singsong tone which differed but little from an unsuccessful attempt at chanting, and which rendered it almost impossible for me to follow him. It must be pleasant for a congregation, in contrast with such preaching, to hear a sermon which they can understand."

WHAT MR. ROEBUCK SAW AT CHERBOURG.

That eccentric personage, Mr. Roebuck, has been to Cherbourg, and thus describes what he saw there:

"I went on shore, and what did I see there? I saw men in peg-top trowsers; they put me very much in mind of Cochin China fowls. I saw priests and women—and very ugly women too. Well, then, I said to myself, is there a man among them who dare say his soul is his own? A man next door said to me, 'Take care, and mind what you are about; the French colonels will be after you. You are not in England now.' 'No,' I said, 'I know that perfectly well, but still I will speak out what I think.' He said, 'You will do it at your own risk;' and I did it at my own risk. But I was not in England, and recollect there is a great difference between being able to say that your soul is your own and not daring to speak above your breath; and I will never believe until I see it, and I don't think I shall see it in this world, that a set of intelligent, free-spoken, free-hearted, strong-armed, and hard-fisted men will succumb to any terror from abroad."

FRANCE.

THE FETES AT CHERBOURG.—HOW QUEEN VICTORIA WAS RECEIVED.

Papers containing the details of the *fêtes* at Cherbourg have come to hand, and we make a few extracts:

"Any one who has seen and knows any thing of the French fleet knows that they always pride themselves upon the style and imposing effect of their saluting fire, and this salute in particular had been closely rehearsed beforehand. Yet the actual performance as much surpassed expectation as it defies description. As the royal yacht turned round between the marine forts which mark the western entrance, Admiral Hamelin, in the *Bretagne*, 120, fired a single gun. There was a minute's pause, and then the salute began, not in a close, irregular, dropping cannonade, which so distinguishes a similar honor from the English navy, but gun after gun, running along each tier like a train of fire, till the very frame of the listener seemed shaken as if even the air smote him in its reverberation. Hardly had this great cannonade commenced, when all the ugly forts which dominate every part of the harbor, threatening with a thousand ominous, fearful-looking embrasures each ship that passes, took up the same song, only firing their numerous guns in volleys of eight at once, and as fast as they could be reloaded and discharged. It is but rarely that such a cannonade is ever heard, and seldom if ever that it has been given for purely peaceful welcome. But at all events it showed in an instant the great extent and number of the fortifications that cover every spot of vantage around the town. All toward sea was a mere mass of fire and smoke—but that one looked for, though this was far from being all. The ring of fire seemed not only to embrace the town, but extend far into the country, up among little ravines where none ever dreamed that guns lay lurking, on the top of picturesque eminences where one only fancied villas and rural cottages could exist; amidst thick clumps of trees and flanking yellow cornfields came the same dreadful uproar, till it seemed as if all France, even from her hills and mountain-tops, was doing honor to the advent of the Queen of England."

THE FIRE-WORKS.

The London *Times* correspondent says: "At the conclusion of the banquet her Majesty, the Emperor, the Empress, and the Prince Consort proceeded to the stern-gallery of the *Bretagne*, which had been most tastefully fitted up with crimson drapery, and from thence witnessed one of the grandest and most effective displays of fireworks which has probably ever been seen. The whole of the breakwater in its enormous length was lighted up by fires at short intervals, the French men-of-war were illuminated at their ports, and seemed like enormous transparent chessboards; rockets innumerable went rushing and screaming through the air from the Fort Central of the breakwater; with tourbillons, gerbes, and every conceivable device of the pyrotechnist's skill. The British merchant-ships took up the display, and from the ends of the yards of the *Salsette* blue lights and Roman candles were burned, producing a most pleasing effect. Then more rockets and more showers of colored and falling stars from the fort, and then a perfect storm of explosive crackers, and then more again, and then a tremendous fall of colored fire, as though the sky were raining huge drops of fire in the harbor. For a moment there was a pause, and the new life-light of Captain Fitzmaurice illuminated the whole of the masts and rigging, and showed up, clear as day, even the ensigns on the tall spars of the royal yacht. While all else was dark, the spars and rigging of the ship stood out in spectral light, so different from every thing else around that one might almost imagine that the *Flying Dutchman* had really appeared in port. Suddenly there rushed forth on their screaming course hundreds of rockets, and then the whole front of Fort Central stands out in brilliant columns, showing in colossal dimensions and burning outline the royal and imperial arms of the two countries. Another grand 'bouquet' of *les feu d'artifice*—which, it was said, had cost more than 25,000 francs—and all was silent again. The familiar strains of our National Anthem float over the waters of the bay, and Englishmen know that her Majesty is about to leave the *Bretagne*."

FATAL CONSEQUENCES OF A DUEL.

The following is among the latest from Paris: Seldom, perhaps, has inadvertent levity and a false sense of honor produced results more disastrous than what is now related as having actually occurred in France. In 1856 Captain C——, an officer recently returned from the Crimea, became attached to a young English lady, who resided in the Rue Rivoli, and, with the consent of her mother, was to have been married to her. A few days previously to the nuptials, he met a gentleman at Verrey's, in the uniform of a marine officer, and more in joke than earnest called the attention of his companions to the fact, saying, "I never like amphibious subordination. No man of spirit should be indebted to a ship's cook for leave to go on shore." No sooner had the words escaped the lips of the officer, than the young marine sprang upon him and insisted upon immediate satisfaction for so gross an insult to the service. Captain C—— assured him that he really meant no offense; but the marine, who was greatly excited, insisted on a meeting then and there in the Bois de Boulogne. Seconds were procured, and the ground measured. The unfortunate challenger was severely wounded. Captain C—— was advised to quit Paris for London, but he would not depart without seeing his intended bride. He entered the well-known mansion in the Rue Rivoli. On a sofa lay the wounded marine, his mother and sisters weeping over him—he was brother to the bride. He had but just arrived from the West Indies, after an absence of four years, and, supposing his mother to be at their family estate in Devonshire, intended to set off to Torquay next day. Poor fellow! he died within a week. He acknowledged before his death that he alone was to blame for the duel, but of course his sister could not bear to connect her destiny with the hand that had deprived her brother of life. She refused to become Captain C——'s wife, and, as she never could surmount the appalling obstacle to their union, died of a broken heart three months afterward. Captain C—— sold his commission and retired into solitude, where a troubled spirit soon terminated his existence.

SPAIN.

ADVENTURES OF THE QUEEN.

The Madrid journals publish several anecdotes connected with the royal visit to the Asturias. One is thus narrated: "A gray-headed old peasant placed himself in the middle of the road, declaring that he would not stir until he had seen the Prince of the Asturias. The Queen, noting the old man's determination, ordered the carriage to be stopped, and the old man's wishes to be satisfied. 'I am eighty-three years of age, madam,' said he, 'and now that my old eyes have seen the young Prince, I have no other wish ungratified.' The Queen burst into tears, while a young girl, stepping forward from out a group of peasant children, offered some modest presents to the royal children. Her Majesty is stated to be exceedingly pleased with her excursion into that part of Spain, and has expressed her determination to return there next summer or the year after. The consequence is, private letters state, that property in the Asturias has suddenly advanced in price.

RUSSIA.

AN EXAMPLE OF IMPERIAL JUSTICE.

It will be recollected that some time ago a rather serious conflict took place between the students of the Moscow University and the police force, with regard to which the former lodged a complaint against the latter. In consequence of a special command of the Emperor, a judicial inquiry was instituted, and the judgments, approved by the Emperor himself, were published on the 30th of July. The sentences are as follows:

District Lieutenant College-Secretary Simonow, for imprudent conduct toward the students, and instigating the lower ranks of the police force and other persons against the students, and, moreover, for false denunciation to his superiors, and concealment of the real facts of the case—condemned to lose his title, rank, and privileges, and to be degraded to the rank of a common soldier.

District Inspector Titular Councilor Morosow, for negligence, wrong acting, and concealing of unlawful deeds of the said Simonow—condemned to be dismissed from the service forever.

Supervisor Court-Councilor Zwiteniew, for negligence in the service—condemned to be dismissed from the service forever.

The Physician Court Councilor Litiejew, for giving an untrue certificate on the state of health of the students and a police-officer—to be dismissed from the service.

Such an example of justice by the Emperor, which fell like a thunder-bolt on the heads of the overbearing caste of police-officers, who, in Russia, belong to the most deeply hated and despised class of all Government *employés*, has made an excellent impression upon all classes of society; they hope that the days of arbitrary police rule are gone forever, and that the reign of law and justice has begun.

CHINA.

CONCLUSION OF THE TREATY OF PEACE.

By Atlantic telegraph we have the following important news from China:

"A treaty of peace has been concluded with China, by which England and France obtain all their demands, including the establishment of embassies at Pekin and indemnification for the expenses of the war.

"Under the terms of the treaty of peace, the Chinese empire is open to the trade of all foreign powers; the Christian religion is allowed in all parts of the country; and foreign diplomatic agents are admitted."

INDIA.

PROGRESS OF THE WAR.

By Atlantic telegraph we have intelligence to the effect that the Gwalior insurgent army in India has been broken up, and much progress has been made in the establishment of order throughout all the disturbed districts.

The following is the previous bulletin from Gwalior:

"The following has been received from Sir Hugh Rose, dated Gwalior, 22d June: 'On the day of the general action with the Gwalior rebels on the 19th inst., the force under my command took, exclusive of the guns in the fort, 16 guns in the field from the enemy, one of them a brass 24-pounder, a brass 18-pounder, a brass 8-inch mortar, several English 9-pounders, and guns of other calibre, great quantities of ammunition, wagons, and warlike stores of every description, and 70 elephants. When the troops went to occupy the Fort of Gwalior after the capture of the city by storm, Scindia's authorities having reported to me that it was vacated, they found the gate shut, and a detachment of fanatics opened fire on them. Sun having set, I caused the fort to be surrounded, and the next morning a detachment of the gallant 25th Bombay Native Infantry stormed and took it; their brave leader, Lieutenant Rose, was killed. I sent a column of horse-artillery and cavalry, under the Brigadier-General Napier, C.B., in pursuit of the rebels, who fled in great disorder after the defeat of the 19th inst. I also directed another column from Dholepore to cross the Chumbal and pursue the fugitives. Brigadier-General Napier overtook them on the 21st inst. near Jana Allahpoor, defeated them, captured 25 guns, and cut up a considerable number. Brigadier-General Napier, who has displayed the greatest energy and intelligence in the pursuit, continues it to Subbulghur. The day after the capture of Gwalior I conducted Sir R. Hamilton and Major M'Pherson, with a squadron of her Majesty's Hussars and one squadron of her Majesty's 14th Light Dragoons, to the Palace of Gwalior; the streets were lined by immense crowds, who received the Maharajah with every appearance of attachment.'"

THE STORY OF THE LAST SURVIVOR OF CAWNPORE.

The London *Times* publishes the following account, prefacing it with the following letter, which appears to guarantee its genuineness:

"Sir.—The *Friend of India* of the 20th of May last contains the following remarks: 'The *Indian Empire* states that the young lady we mentioned some time since as having escaped from the rebels (at Cawnpore) was taken captive by the same Sowar who carried off Miss Wheeler. For the truth of this we can not vouch, but it is certain that there is one survivor of the massacre of Cawnpore. She has as yet been unable to give a connected narrative of that dreadful occurrence, the recollection is still too overpowering.' The narrative I am enabled to send to you by the kindness of a former pupil of mine, Mr. George W. Stuart, of the Sudder Court, Alipore, Calcutta. The young lady's name, and a few particulars of her family, I inclose for your private satisfaction, not for publication. A duplicate of the narrative, Mr. Stuart informs me, has been sent to Lord Canning, and may possibly by this time have seen the light in India.

I am, Sir, yours obediently,

"W. Knighton, LL.D.

"The College, Ewell, Surrey, *Aug.* 9."

THE YOUNG LADY SEIZED, SEARCHED, AND THROWN OVERBOARD.

"I was sixteen years of age when I accompanied my sister and her husband to Cawnpore, about six months before the mutiny broke out.

"An unfortunate treaty was entered into between General Wheeler and the Nena Sahib on the 24th of June; the latter swore by his gods and upon the Gunga to protect us and see us safely taken to Allahabad in boats. We entered these joyfully, never for a moment expecting treachery, and were taken quite by surprise when we were fired on. The river in many places in the middle had no more than six feet water, so that most of the boats were soon aground. Some of the small ones managed to push on, and even then with difficulty. The firing at first was irregular, but after a while the balls came whizzing past us as thick as hail, sinking many boats. I was on the deck of my boat, seated, stupefied with terror and amazement, when I was further convinced of immediate danger by seeing a party of Sepoys enter the boat I was in. I was seized in an instant by the arm by one of these savages—for savages and ruffians they looked. I was asked to deliver all I possessed; money and jewels to the amount of 400 rupees, the sum I managed to take with me when I proceeded to the barracks, was now snatched from me. On replying in the negative to questions whether I had more money and valuables by me my person was searched rudely. My senses had very nearly forsaken me. I was in a sort of stupor. The search was made on my person while I was standing, but, to speak more exactly, I was made to stand while I was searched. The ruffian, as if to tantalize me, let off his gun over my head and shoulders in the most deliberate and cold-blooded manner. They afterward shot two sweet little girls, sisters, who were between the ages of six and eight. The poor creatures were clinging to each other when they committed this diabolical act. Next, they shot an Eurasian, whose name was Kirkpatrick, a merchant in Cawnpore. How many others were killed by the miscreants I could not know, for I felt dizzy, and sank on the deck. For what time I remained in this state I have no idea. I returned to consciousness by feeling myself suddenly and rudely seized and thrown into the river.

HIDES HERSELF WITH MISS WHEELER IN THE WOODS.

"The next moment I was buffeting with the water. I managed, with some difficulty, to get to land, and scrambled on shore. I crawled on my hands and knees till I reached a tree about half a mile from the banks, and hid myself as well as I could. My thoughts, Oh Heavens! were agonizing. I fell by degrees into a sort of drowsy fit, occasioned, perhaps, from weariness, from which I was aroused by approaching stealthy footsteps. In an instant I sprang to my feet; but instead of the ruffians whom I expected to see, to my great relief the well-known face and form of Miss Wheeler, the General's daughter, were before me. In few words I understood that she had been dealt with in the same way as myself—*i. e.*, thrown into the water by the men, who, perhaps, thought she was not worth a bullet—that, being insensible, she would soon sink to the bottom of the river. Our agitation and fear, however, were so great, that we had not much of consolation to offer each other. We had not been together more than an hour, I should suppose, when a party of the enemy surprised us. We were dragged in different directions, and of Miss Wheeler's fate I knew nothing till very lately.

IS CAUGHT AND HORRIDLY OUTRAGED.

"I was pushed and dragged along, and subjected to every indignity. Occasionally I felt the thrust of a bayonet, and on my protesting against such treatment, with uplifted hands, and appealing to their feelings as men, I was struck on my head, and was made to understand, in language too plain, that I had not long to live; but, before being put to death, that I would be made to feel some portion of the degradation their brethren felt at Meerut when ironed and disgraced before the troops. After a walk of about four hours, I was brought to a place about four miles from Cawnpore, very near Bithoor, where some of the mutineers were encamped. I was almost in a state of nudity, for my clothes had been torn to pieces when I had been dragged along by the men, and I had the mortification of being made a spectacle before these heartless and cruel wretches. Clapping of hands and cries of 'Khoob-Kea!' (Well done!) burst upon my stupefied senses. A circle formed round me. I sank on the ground and buried my face in my hands. Oh! the agony of those moments!

SAVED BY AN AFRICAN.

"At length I heard a voice speaking to my persecutors in rather a conciliatory tone—'Spare the poor creature and have compassion on her; let her alone, she seems dead already.' I looked up and saw an African. There was something mild and compassionate in his look. He relieved me in a great measure from the shame I was suffering by throwing a covering or chuddur on me. He asked me to accompany him. I immediately followed, and was ushered into a tent, where I was desired by my benefactor to take rest. He made me understand that he would do all in his power to have my life spared. I thanked him for his kindness. After a while he procured me a suit of native clothes, which he said I should put on. 'You are very unwell,' he said, 'your eyes are bloodshot and face very much flushed.' I knew that I had a strong fever on me, and felt exceedingly weak. I replied that a little sleep would perhaps do me good. I laid my aching head on the mattress and fell fast asleep. On waking I still felt so weak that I could hardly lift my head. I had a chupattie, or handbread, and a little dhall served to me, which I could not eat."

HOW SHE REJOINED HER COUNTRYMEN.

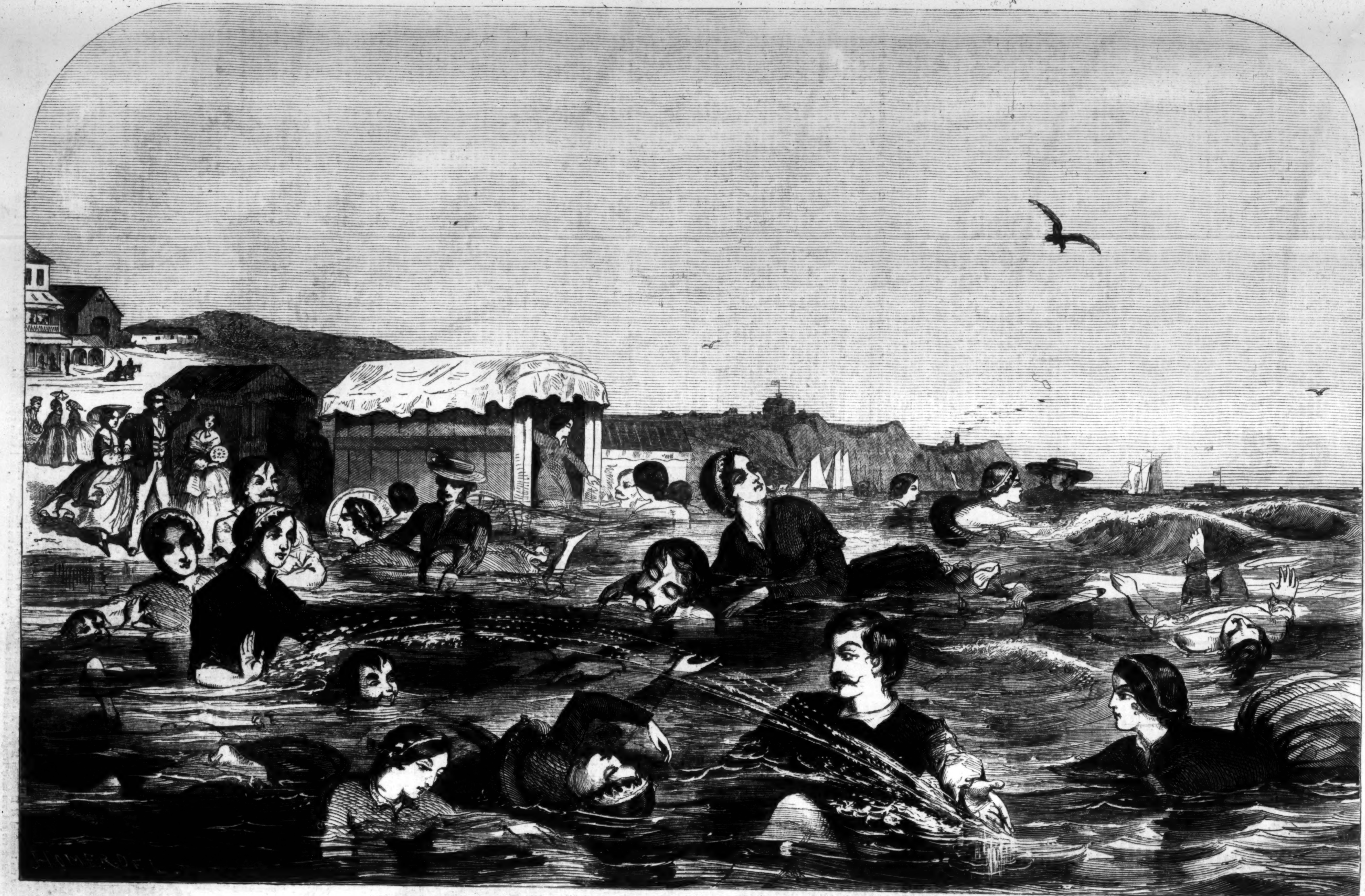
The narrative then relates the alternations of her feelings at the news received in the rebel quarters of Havelock's advances and retreats. She was removed to Lucknow. After a time she put herself under the protection of the rebel Moulvie, Ahmedoolah Shah, who protected her. During her captivity she professed to be a convert to Mohammedanism. After the rebels were driven out of Lucknow she was obliged to join a wandering party of mutineers, who, after a time, began to despair of any success against the British.

"I explained to them that as their only hope was in the clemency of the Company Bahadoor, the best plan would be to send me with a proper escort to Allahabad, where I would explain their case to the Governor-General through the magistrate of Allahabad, who, I said, was my cousin. I said, that if they allowed me to manage their affairs, they would come off with their lives and liberty. I made them understand that, though a Mohammedan now, I had once been a Christian, and, having influential relatives, I would urge their kindness to me as a sufficient ground for their lives being spared. I tried to convince them that the British looked more upon their sparing the life of one female than the slaughter of five hundred men."

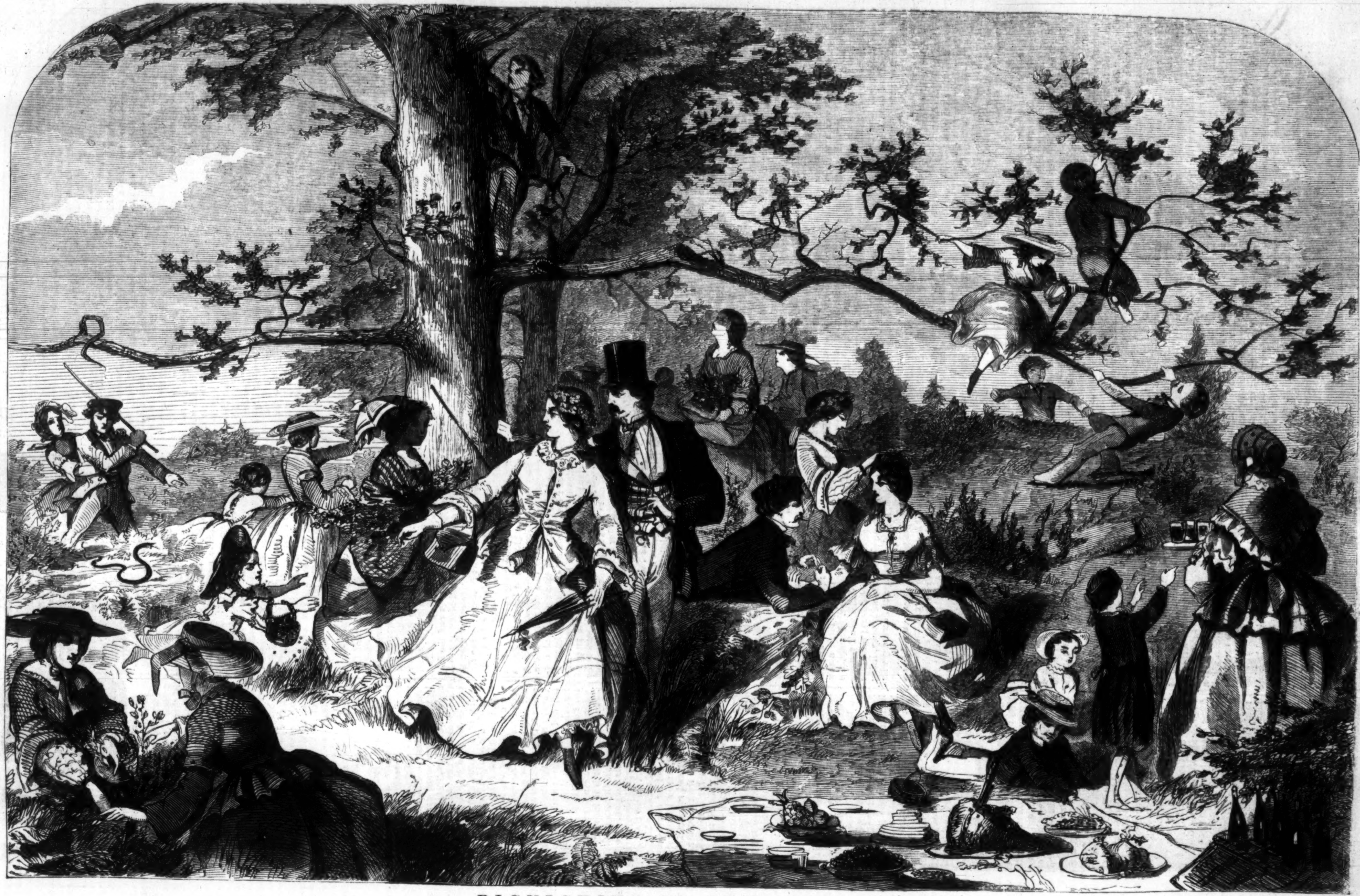
By these representations she induced the rebels to send her to the nearest British camp. She thus escaped.

"I shall now draw my hasty sketch to a close by informing the reader that I am very happy in the midst of friends and relatives at Calcutta, whither I came after residing with my uncle for a month.

"The date on which I reached my uncle's factory was the 20th of June, 1858, exactly one year since the Cawnpore massacre. I am now residing with my aunt and receiving 100 rupees a month from the Relief Fund, and I need hardly add, that I am as happy and comfortable as I could wish to be."



THE BATHE AT NEWPORT.



PICNICKING IN THE WOODS.

COUNTRY LIFE IN SUMMER.

THE preceding illustrations will at a glance be recognized by the happy people who escape the heat and dust of city life in summer and seek fresh air and health in the country. The fortunate few who have mingled in the gay bathing parties at Newport may seek for their likenesses in the picture which represents the dip in the surf; and the many who have spent a pleasant afternoon in the woods—nominally in search of nuts or berries, will be taught to recall many a sweet recollection by the sight of the page which is devoted to an afternoon in the woods. Such pictures need no text. They tell their own story.

WHAT WILL HE DO WITH IT?

BY SIR E. BULWER LYTTON.

CHAPTER II.

> The learned compute that seven hundred and seven millions of millions of vibrations have penetrated the eye before the eye can distinguish the tints of a violet. What philosophy can calculate the vibrations of the heart before it can distinguish the colors of love?

WHILE Guy Darrell thus passed his hours within the unfinished fragments of a dwelling builded for posterity, and among the still relics of remote generations, Love and Youth were weaving their warm eternal idyll on the sunny lawns by the gliding river.

There they are, Love and Youth, Lionel and Sophy, in the arbor round which her slight hands have twined the honey-suckle, fond imitation of that bower endeared by the memory of her earliest holiday—she seated coyly, he on the ground at her feet, as when Titania had watched his sleep. He has been reading to her, the book has fallen from his hand. What book? That volume of poems so unintelligibly obscure to all but the dreaming young, who are so unintelligibly obscure to themselves. But to the merit of those poems, I doubt if even George did justice. It is not true, I believe, that they are not durable. Some day or other, when all the jargon so feelingly denounced by Colonel Morley, about "æsthetics," and "objective," and "subjective," has gone to its long home, some critic who can write English will probably bring that poor little volume fairly before the public; and, with all its manifold faults, it will take a place in the affections, not of one single generation of the young, but—everlasting, ever-dreaming, ever-growing youth. But you and I, reader, have no other interest in these poems, except this—that they were written by the brother-in-law of that whimsical, miserly Frank Vance, who perhaps, but for such a brother-in-law, would never have gone through the labor by which he has cultivated the genius that achieved his fame; and if he had not cultivated that genius, he might never have known Lionel; and if he had never known Lionel, Lionel might never perhaps have gone to the Surrey village, in which he saw the Phenomenon: And to push farther still that Voltaireian philosophy of ifs—if either Lionel or Frank Vance had not been so intimately associated in the minds of Sophy and Lionel with the golden holiday on the beautiful river, Sophy and Lionel might not have thought so much of those poems; and if they had not thought so much of those poems, there might not have been between them that link of poetry without which the love of two young people is a sentiment, always very pretty, it is true, but much too commonplace to deserve special commemoration in a work so uncommonly long as this is likely to be. And thus it is clear that Frank Vance is not a superfluous and episodical personage among the characters of this history; but, however indirectly, still essentially, one of those beings without whom the author must have given a very different answer to the question, "What will he do with it?"

Return we to Lionel and Sophy. The poems have brought their hearts nearer and nearer together. And when the book fell from Lionel's hand, Sophy knew that his eyes were on her face, and her own eyes looked away. And the silence was so deep and so sweet! Neither had yet said to the other a word of love. And in that silence both felt that they loved and were beloved. Sophy! how childlike she looked still! How little she is changed!—except that the soft blue eyes are far more pensive, and that her merry laugh is now never heard. In that luxurious home, fostered with the tenderest care by its charming owner, the romance of her childhood realized, and Lionel by her side, she misses the old crippled vagrant. And therefore it is that her merry laugh is no longer heard! "Ah!" said Lionel, softly breaking the pause at length, "Do not turn your eyes from me, or I shall think that there are tears in them!" Sophy's breast heaved, but her eyes were averted still. Lionel rose gently, and came to the other side of her quiet form. "Fie! there *are* tears, and you would hide them from me. Ungrateful!"

Sophy looked at him now with candid, inexpressible, guileless affection in those swimming eyes, and said, with touching sweetness, "Ungrateful! Should I not be so if I were gay and happy?"

And in self-reproach for not being sufficiently unhappy while that young consoler was by her side, she too rose, left the arbor, and looked wistfully along the river. George Morley was expected; he might bring tidings of the absent. And now while Lionel, rejoining her, exerts all his eloquence to allay her anxiety and encourage her hopes, and while they thus, in that divinest stage of love, ere the tongue repeats what the eyes have told, glide along—here in sunlight by lingering flowers—there in shadow under mournful willows, whose leaves are ever the latest to fall, let us explain by what links of circumstance Sophy became the great lady's guest, and Waife once more a homeless wanderer.

CHAPTER III.

> Comprising many needful explanations, illustrative of wise saws: as, for example, "He that hath an ill name is half hanged." "He that hath been bitten by a serpent is afraid of a rope." "He that looks for a star puts out his candles;" and, "When God wills, all winds bring rain."

THE reader has been already made aware how, by an impulse of womanhood and humanity, Arabella Crane had been converted from a persecuting into a tutelary agent in the destinies of Waife and Sophy. That revolution in her moral being dated from the evening on which she had sought the cripple's retreat to warn him of Jasper's designs. We have seen by what stratagem she had made it appear that Waife and his grandchild had sailed beyond the reach of molestation; with what liberality she had advanced the money that freed Sophy from the manager's claim; and how considerately she had empowered her agent to give the reference which secured to Waife the asylum in which we last beheld him. In a few stern sentences she had acquainted Waife with her fearless, inflexible resolve to associate her fate henceforth with the life of his lawless son; and, by rendering abortive all his evil projects of plunder, to compel him at last to depend upon her for an existence neither unsafe nor sordid, provided only that it were not dishonest. The moment that she revealed that design, Waife's trust in her was won. His own heart enabled him to comprehend the effect produced upon a character otherwise unamiable and rugged, by the grandeur of self-immolation and the absorption of one devoted heroic thought. In the strength and bitterness of passion which thus pledged her existence to redeem another's, he obtained the key to her vehement and jealous nature; saw why she had been so cruel to the child of a rival; why she had conceived compassion for that child in proportion as the father's unnatural indifference had quenched the anger of her own self-love; and, above all, why, as the idea of reclaiming and appropriating solely to herself the man who, for good or for evil, had grown into the all-predominant object of her life, gained more and more the mastery over her mind, it expelled the lesser and the baser passions, and the old mean revenge against an infant faded away before the light of that awakening conscience, which is often rekindled from ashes by the sparks of a single better and worthier thought. And, in the resolute design to reclaim Jasper Losely, Arabella came at once to a ground in common with his father, with his child. Oh what, too, would the old man owe to her, what would be his gratitude, his joy, if she not only guarded his spotless Sophy, but saved from the bottomless abyss his guilty son! Thus when Arabella Crane had, nearly five years before, sought Waife's discovered hiding-place, near the old blood-stained tower, mutual interests and sympathies had formed between them a bond of alliance not the less strong because rather tacitly acknowledged and openly expressed. Arabella had written to Waife from the Continent, for the first half year, pretty often, and somewhat sanguinely, as to the chance of Losely's ultimate reformation. Then the intervals of silence became gradually more prolonged, and the letters more brief. But still, whether from the wish not unnecessarily to pain the old man, or, as would be more natural to her character, which, even in its best aspects, was not gentle, from a proud dislike to confess failure, she said nothing of the evil courses which Jasper had renewed. Evidently she was always near him. Evidently, by some means or another, his life, furtive and dark, was ever under the glare of her watchful eyes.

Meanwhile, Sophy had been presented to Caroline Montfort. As Waife had so fondly anticipated, the lone childless lady had taken with kindness and interest to the fair motherless child. Left to herself often for months together in the grand forlorn house, Caroline soon found an object to her pensive walks in the basket-maker's cottage. Sophy's charming face and charming ways stole more and more into affections which were denied all nourishment at home. She entered into Waife's desire to improve, by education, so exquisite a nature; and, familiarity growing by degrees, Sophy was at length coaxed up to the great house; and during the hours which Waife devoted to his rambles (for even in his settled industry he could not conquer his vagrant tastes, but would weave his reeds or osiers as he sauntered through solitudes of turf or wood), became the docile, delighted pupil in the simple chintz room which Lady Montfort had reclaimed from the desert of her surrounding palace. Lady Montfort was not of a curious turn of mind; profoundly indifferent even to the gossip of drawing-rooms, she had no rankling desire to know the secrets of village hearth-stones. Little acquainted even with the great world—scarcely at all with any world below that in which she had her being, save as she approached humble sorrows by delicate charity—the contrast between Waife's calling and his conversation roused in her no vigilant suspicions. A man of some education, and born in a rank that touched upon the order of gentlemen, but of no practical or professional culture—with whimsical tastes—with roving, eccentric habits—had, in the course of life, picked up much harmless wisdom, but, perhaps from want of worldly prudence, failed of fortune. Contented with an obscure retreat and an humble livelihood, he might yet naturally be loth to confide to others the painful history of a descent in life. He might have relations in a higher sphere, whom the confession would shame; he might be silent in the manly pride which shrinks from alms and pity and a tale of fall. Nay, grant the worst—grant that Waife had suffered in repute as well as fortune—grant that his character had been tarnished by some plausible circumstantial evidences which he could not explain away to the satisfaction of friends or the acquittal of a short-sighted world—had there not been, were there not always, many innocent men similarly afflicted? And who could hear Waife talk, or look on his arch smile, and not feel that he was innocent? So, at least, thought Caroline Montfort. Naturally; for if in her essentially womanlike character there was one all-pervading and all-predominant attribute, it was PITY. If Fate had placed her under circumstances fitted to ripen into genial development all her exquisite forces of soul, her true post in this life would have been that of the SOOTHER. What a child to some grief-worn father! What a wife to some toiling, aspiring, sensitive man of genius! What a mother to some suffering child! It seemed as if it were necessary to her to have something to compassionate and foster. She was sad when there was no one to comfort; but her smile was like a sunbeam from Eden when it chanced on a sorrow it could brighten away. Out of this very sympathy came her faults—faults of reasoning and judgment. Prudent in her own chilling path through what the world calls temptations, because so ineffably pure—because, to Fashion's light tempters, her very thought was as closed, as

> "Under the glassy, cool, translucent wave,"

was the ear of Sabrina to the comrades of Comus—yet place before her some gentle scheme that seemed fraught with a blessing for others, and straightway her fancy embraced it, prudence faded—she saw not the obstacles, weighed not the chances against it. Charity to her did not come alone, but with its sister twins, Hope and Faith.

Thus, benignly for the old man and the fair child, years rolled on till Lord Montfort's sudden death, and his widow was called upon to exchange Montfort Court (which passed to the new heir) for the distant jointure House of Twickenham. By this time she had grown so attached to Sophy, and Sophy so gratefully fond of her, that she proposed to Waife to take his sweet grandchild as her permanent companion, complete her education, and assure her future. This had been the old man's cherished day-dream; but he had not contemplated its realization until he himself were in the grave. He turned pale, he staggered, when the proposal which would separate him from his grandchild was first brought before him. But he recovered ere Lady Montfort could be aware of the acuteness of the pang she inflicted, and accepted the generous offer with warm protestations of joy and gratitude. But Sophy! Sophy consent to leave her grandfather afar and aged in his solitary cottage! Little did either of them know Sophy, with her soft heart and determined soul, if they supposed such egotism possible in her. Waife insisted—Waife was angry—Waife was authoritative—Waife was imploring—Waife was pathetic—all in vain! But to close every argument, the girl went boldly to Lady Montfort, and said, "If I left him, his heart would break—never ask it." Lady Montfort kissed Sophy tenderly as mother ever kissed a child for some sweet loving trait of a noble nature, and said simply, "But he shall not be left—he shall come too."

She offered Waife rooms in her Twickenham house—she wished to collect books—he should be librarian. The old man shivered and refused—refused firmly. He had made a vow not to be a guest in any house. Finally, the matter was compromised; Waife would remove to the neighborhood of Twickenham; there hire a cottage; there ply his art; and Sophy, living with him, should spend a part of each day with Lady Montfort as now.

So it was resolved. Waife consented to occupy a small house on the verge of the grounds belonging to the jointure villa, on the condition of paying rent for it. And George Morley insisted on the privilege of preparing that house for his old teacher's reception, leaving it simple and rustic to outward appearance, but fitting its pleasant chambers with all that his knowledge of the old man's tastes and habits suggested for comfort or humble luxury; a room for Sophy, hung with the prettiest paper, all butterflies and flowers, commanding a view of the river. Waife, despite his proud scruples, could not refuse such gifts from a man whose fortune and career had been secured by his artful lessons. Indeed, he had already permitted George to assist, though not largely, his own efforts to repay the £100 advanced by Mrs. Crane. The years he had devoted to a craft which his ingenuity made lucrative, had just enabled the basket-maker, with his pupil's aid, to clear off that debt by installments. He had the satisfaction of thinking that it was his industry which had replaced the sum to which his grandchild owed her release from the execrable Rugge.

Lady Montfort's departure (which preceded Waife's by some weeks) was more mourned by the poor in her immediate neighborhood than by the wealthier families who composed what a province calls its society; and the gloom which that event cast over the little village round the kingly mansion, was increased when Waife and his grandchild left.

For the last three years, emboldened by Lady Montfort's protection, and the conviction that he was no longer pursued or spied, the old man had relaxed his earlier reserved and secluded habits. Constitutionally sociable, he had made acquaintance with his humbler neighbors; lounged by their cottage palings in his rambles down the lanes; diverted their children with Sir Isaac's tricks, or regaled them with nuts and apples from his little orchard; given to the more diligent laborers many a valuable hint how to eke out the daily wage with garden produce, or bees, or poultry; doctored farmers' cows; and even won the heart of the stud groom by a mysterious sedative ball, which had reduced to serene docility a highly nervous and hitherto unmanageable four-year-old. Sophy had been no less popular. No one grudged her the favor of Lady Montfort—no one wondered at it. They were loved and honored. Perhaps the happiest years Waife had known since his young wife left the earth were passed in the hamlet which he fancied her shade haunted; for was it not there—there, in that cottage—there, in sight of those green osiers, that her first modest virgin replies to his letters of love and hope had soothed his confinement and animated him—till then little fond of sedentary toils—to the very industry which, learned in sport, now gave subsistence, and secured a home. To that home persecution had not come—gossip had not pryed into its calm seclusion—even chance, when threatening disclosure, had seemed to pass by innocuous. For once—a year or so before he left—an incident had occurred which alarmed him at the time, but led to no annoying results. The banks of the great sheet of water in Montfort Park were occasionally made the scene of rural picnics by the families of neighboring farmers and tradesmen. One day Waife, while carelessly fashioning his baskets on his favorite spot, was recognized by a party on the opposite margin to whom he himself had paid no attention. He was told the next day by the landlady of the village inn, the main chimney of which he had undertaken to cure of smoking, that a "lady" in the picnic symposium of the day before had asked many questions about him and his grandchild, and had seemed pleased to hear they were both so comfortably settled. The "lady" had been accompanied by another "lady," and by two or three young gentlemen. They had arrived in a "buss," which they had hired for the occasion. They had come from Humberston the day after those famous races which annually filled Humberston with strangers—the time of year in which Rugge's grand theatrical exhibition delighted that ancient town. From the description of the two ladies, Waife suspected that they belonged to Rugge's company. But they had not claimed Waife as a cidevant comrade; they had not spoken of Sophy as the Phenomenon or the Fugitive. No molestation followed this event; and, after all, the Remorseless Baron had no longer any claim to the Persecuted Bandit or to Juliet Araminta.

But the ex-comedian is gone from the osiers—the hamlet. He is in his new retreat by the lordly river—within an hour of the smoke and roar of tumultuous London. He tries to look cheerful and happy, but his repose is troubled—his heart is anxious. Ever since Sophy, on his account, refused the offer which would have transferred her, not for a few daily hours, but for habitual life, from a basket-maker's roof to all the elegances and refinements of a sphere in which, if freed from him, her charms and virtues might win her some such alliance as seemed impossible while he was thus dragging her down to his own level—ever since that day the old man had said to himself, "I live too long." While Sophy was by his side he appeared busy at his work, and merry in his humor; the moment she left him for Lady Montfort's house the work dropped from his hands, and he sank into moody thought.

Waife had written to Mrs. Crane (her address then was at Paris) on removing to Twickenham, and begged her to warn him, should Jasper meditate a return to England, by a letter directed to him at the General Post-office, London. Despite his later trust in Mrs. Crane, he did not deem it safe to confide to her Lady Montfort's offer to Sophy, or the affectionate nature of that lady's intimacy with the girl now grown into womanhood. With that insight into the human heart, which was in him not so habitually clear and steadfast as to be always useful, but at times singularly if erratically lucid, he could not feel assured that Arabella Crane's ancient hate to Sophy (which, lessening in proportion to the girl's destitution, had only ceased when the stern woman felt, with a sentiment bordering on revenge, that it was to her that Sophy owed an asylum obscure and humble) might not revive, if she learned that the child of a detested rival was raised above the necessity of her protection, and brought within view of that station so much loftier than her own, from which she had once rejoiced to know that the offspring of a marriage which had darkened her life was excluded. For indeed it had been only on Waife's promise that he would not repeat the attempt that had proved so abortive, to enforce Sophy's claim on Guy Darrell, that Arabella Crane had in the first instance resigned the child to his care. His care—his—an attainted outcast! As long as Arabella Crane could see in Sophy but an object of compassion she might haughtily protect her; but could Sophy become an object of envy, would that protection last? No, he did not venture to confide in Mrs. Crane further than to say that he and Sophy had removed from Montfort village to the vicinity of London. Time enough to say more when Mrs. Crane returned to England; and then, not by letter, but in personal interview.

Once a month the old man went to London to inquire at the General Post-office for any communications his correspondent might there address to him. Only once, however, had he heard from Mrs. Crane since the announcement of his migration, and her note of reply was extremely brief, until in the fatal month of June, when Guy Darrell and Jasper Losely had alike returned, and on the same day, to the metropolis; and then the old man received from her a letter which occasioned him profound alarm. It apprised him not only that his terrible son was in

England—in London; but that Jasper had discovered that the persons embarked for America were not the veritable Waife and Sophy, whose names they had assumed. Mrs. Crane ended with these ominous words: "It is right to say now that he has descended deeper and deeper. Could you see him, you would wonder that I neither abandon him nor my resolve. He hates me worse than the gibbet. To me and not to the gibbet he shall pass—fitting punishment to both. I am in London, not in my old house, but near him. His confidant is my hireling. His life and his projects are clear to my eyes—clear as if he dwelt in glass. Sophy is now of an age in which, were she placed in the care of some person whose respectability could not be impugned, she could not be legally forced away against her will; but if under your roof, those whom Jasper has induced to institute a search, that he has no means to institute very actively himself, might make statements which (as you are already aware) might persuade others, though well-meaning, to assist him in separating her from you. He might publicly face even a police court if he thus hoped to shame the rich man into buying off an intolerable scandal. He might, in the first instance, and more probably, decoy her into his power through stealth; and what might become of her before she was recovered? Separate yourself from her for a time. It is you, notwithstanding your arts of disguise, that can be the more easily tracked. She, now almost a woman, will have grown out of recognition. Place her in some secure asylum until at least you hear from me again."

Waife read and re-read this epistle (to which there was no direction that enabled him to reply) in the private room of a little coffee-house to which he had retired from the gaze and pressure of the streets. The determination he had long brooded over now began to take shape—to be hurried on to prompt decision. On recovering his first shock, he formed and matured his plans. That same evening he saw Lady Montfort. He felt that the time had come when, for Sophy's sake, he must lift the vail from the obloquy on his own name. To guard against the same concession to Jasper's authority that had betrayed her at Gatesboro', it was necessary that he should explain the mystery of Sophy's parentage and position to Lady Montfort, and go through the anguish of denouncing his own son as the last person to whose hands she should be consigned. He approached this subject not only with a sense of profound humiliation, but with no unreasonable fear lest Lady Montfort might at once decline a charge which would possibly subject her retirement to a harassing invasion. But, to his surprise as well as relief, no sooner had he named Sophy's parentage than Lady Montfort evinced emotions of a joy which cast into the shade all more painful or discreditable associations. "Henceforth, believe me," she said, "your Sophy shall be my own child, my own treasured darling! no humble companion—my equal as well as my charge. Fear not that any one shall tear her from me. You are right in thinking that my roof should be her home—that she should have the rearing and the station which she is entitled as well as fitted to adorn. But you must not part from her. I have listened to your tale; my experience of you supplies the defense you suppress—it reverses the judgment which has aspersed you. And, more ardently than before, I press on you a refuge in the Home that will shelter your grandchild." Noble-hearted woman! and nobler for her ignorance of the practical world, in the proposal which would have blistered with scorching blushes the cheek of that Personification of all "Solemn Plausibilities," the House of Vipont! Gentleman Waife was not scamp enough to profit by the ignorance which sprang from generous virtue. But, repressing all argument, and appearing to acquiesce in the possibility of such an arrangement, he left her benevolent delight unsaddened—and before the morning he was gone. Gone in stealth, and by the starlight, as he had gone years ago from the bailiff's cottage—gone, for Sophy, in waking, to find, as she had found before, farewell lines, that commended hope and forbade grief. "It was," he wrote, "for both their sakes that he had set out on a tour of pleasant adventure. He needed it; he had felt his spirits droop of late in so humdrum and settled a life. And there was danger abroad—danger that his brief absence would remove. He had confided all his secrets to Lady Montfort; she must look on that kind lady as her sole guardian till he returned—as return he surely would; and then they would live happy ever afterward as in fairy tales. He should never forgive her if she were silly enough to fret for him. He should not be alone; Sir Isaac would take care of him. He was not without plenty of money—savings of several months; if he wanted more, he would apply to George Morley. He would write to her occasionally; but she must not expect frequent letters; he might be away for months—what did that signify? He was old enough to take care of himself; she was no longer a child to cry her eyes out if she lost a senseless toy, or a stupid old cripple. She was a young lady, and he expected to find her a famous scholar when he returned." And so, with all flourish and bravado, and suppressing every attempt at pathos, the old man went his way, and Sophy, hurrying to Lady Montfort's, weeping, distracted, imploring her to send in all directions to discover and bring back the fugitive, was there detained a captive guest. But Waife left a letter also for Lady Montfort, cautioning and adjuring her, as she valued Sophy's safety from the scandal of Jasper's claim, not to make any imprudent attempts to discover him. Such attempt would only create the very publicity from the chance of which he was seeking to escape. The necessity of this caution was so obvious, that Lady Montfort could only send her most confidential servant to inquire guardedly in the neighborhood, until she had summoned George Morley from Humberston, and taken him into counsel. Waife had permitted her to relate to him, on strict promise of secrecy, the tale he had confided to her. George entered with the deepest sympathy into Sophy's distress; but he made her comprehend the indiscretion and peril of any noisy researches. He promised that he himself would spare no pains to ascertain the old man's hiding-place, and see, at least, if he could not be persuaded either to return or suffer her to join him, that he was not left destitute and comfortless. Nor was this an idle promise. George, though his inquiries were unceasing, crippled by the restraint imposed on them, was so acute in divining, and so active in following up each clew to the wanderer's artful doublings, that more than once he had actually come upon the track, and found the very spot where Waife or Sir Isaac had been seen a few days before. Still, up to the day on which Morley had last reported progress, the ingenious exactor, fertile in all resources of stratagem and disguise, had baffled his research. At first, however, Waife had greatly relieved the minds of these anxious friends, and cheered even Sophy's heavy heart, by letters, gay though brief. These letters having, by their postmarks, led to his trace, he had stated, in apparent anger, that reason for discontinuing them. And for the last six weeks no line from him had been received. In fact, the old man, on resolving to consummate his self-abnegation, strove more and more to wean his grandchild's thoughts from his image. He deemed it so essential to her whole future, that, now she had found a home in so secure and so elevated a sphere, she should gradually accustom herself to a new rank of life, from which he was an everlasting exile; should lose all trace of his very being; efface a connection that, ceasing to protect, could henceforth only harm and dishonor her; that he tried, as it were, to blot himself out of the world which now smiled on her. He did not underrate her grief in its first freshness: he knew that, could she learn where he was, all else would be forgotten—she would insist on flying to him. But he continually murmured to himself, "Youth is ever proverbially short of memory; its sorrows poignant, but not enduring; now the wounds are already scarring over—they will not reopen if they are left to heal."

He had, at first, thought of hiding somewhere not so far but that once a week, or once a month, he might have stolen into the grounds, looked at the house that held her—left, perhaps, in her walks some little token of himself. But, on reflection, he felt that that luxury would be too imprudent, and it ceased to tempt him in proportion as he reasoned himself into the stern wisdom of avoiding all that could revive her grief for him. At the commencement of this tale, in the outline given of that grand melodrama in which Juliet Araminta played the part of the Bandit's child, her efforts to decoy pursuit from the lair of the persecuted Mime were likened to the arts of the sky-lark to lure eye and hand from the nest of its young. More appropriate that illustration now to the parent-bird than then to the fledgling. Farther and farther from the nest in which all his love was centred fled the old man. What if Jasper did discover him now; that very discovery would mislead the pursuit from Sophy. Most improbable that Losely would ever guess that they could become separated; still more improbable, unless Waife, imprudently lurking near her home, guided conjecture, that Losely should dream of seeking under the roof of the lofty peeress the child that had fled from Mr. Rugge.

Poor old man! his heart was breaking; but his soul was so brightly comforted, that there, where many, many long miles off, I see him standing, desolate and patient, in the corner of yon crowded market-place, holding Sir Isaac by slackened string, with listless hand—Sir Isaac unshorn, travel-stained, draggled, with drooping head and melancholy eyes—yea, as I see him there, jostled by the crowd, to whom, now and then, pointing to that huge pannier on his arm, filled with some homely peddler-wares, he mechanically mutters, "Buy"—yea, I say, verily, as I see him thus, I can not draw near in pity—I see what the crowd does not—the shadow of an angel's wing over his gray head; and I stand reverentially aloof, with bated breath and bended knee.

OUR NEW ORGANIST.

THE old man who for upward of thirty years had been organist of Waldon Cathedral was not forthcoming one spring morning: being sought for, he was found dead in his bed.

When at Waldon—this was never for very long at a time, though not exactly young, I was still in my *Wanderjehr*—I had often officiated for old Jackson; and now, at the bishop's desire, I took upon myself the trouble and responsibility of appointing a new organist.

One sultry mid-summer evening, my thoughts turned with especial longing to Norwegian fjelds and fiords, I rose from my organ practice abruptly, and left the cathedral by a small, low side-door, of which I always made use. The bishop was absent. I went to stroll in the palace-grounds, and, remembering that in the morning I had needed a work of reference, which I knew to be among the ancient volumes in the library above the cloisters, I obtained the key of the library from the bishop's housekeeper. Afterward I sauntered beneath the ancient trees on the close-shaven lawns, the while denouncing the stifling heat, a good time; then I paced the wall above the moat dividing the palace-grounds from the cathedral precincts. Presently I fancied that I heard the tones of the organ. I had left the door ajar, the organ and my music-book open. Rather indignant that any one should intrude into my domain, the organ-loft, I left the palace-grounds immediately. As I passed into the cathedral yard by the heavy arched way, from which an avenue of glorious old limes leads to the principal entrance, I was startled by a full burst of rich harmony; it died away as I reached my little door. Just within it, I paused and listened: I was not disappointed; the organ again sounded. Open upon my desk I had left a collection of intricate fugues; these the unknown musician began to play. I detected signs of diffidence, and of ignorance of the resources of the instrument in the style of the player; but I also detected the presence of feeling, refinement, enthusiasm.

"This man will do," I thought, as I listened. "He needs confidence and practice, but he has genius. Ah, ye Waldonites, ye shall slumber through your services no longer! The power of music shall stir ye."

Twilight was gathering; fine full chords melted into silence; the instrument was not touched again. I proceeded to mount the stairs of the organ-loft. It chanced that I still had in my hand the key of the library; unfortunately, I dropped it, and the consequent noise, echoing from arch to arch, no doubt alarmed the musician. Having reached the organ, I drew back the curtain, prepared to address the unknown. I found there—no one. Of course, the player had descended one stair as I mounted the other. I leaned over the loft, gazed down into the dimness of the vast building, and listened intently for the sound of a footfall. I heard no sound, and was inclined to doubt if human fingers had pressed the keys that night. But there was my book of fugues, not open where I had left it—a spirit-musician would hardly make use of letters.

I peremptorily called upon the unknown to come forth, unless he desired to be locked in for the night: only the echoing of my own voice replied to me. I shook up the clownish boy who had blown the bellows for me, and still slumbered in his niche. He could give me no information; had "drowsed" from the time I left off playing till the playing began again, and had seen "naught nor nobody."

No one was now lingering in the building, I felt convinced; so I departed, locking the door.

Next evening I practiced again, playing with revived enthusiasm, perhaps in unconscious emulation of the unknown, who might probably be listening. From time to time I peered between the curtains; I saw no one save an old man hobbling about examining the monuments, and a child or young girl whom I had, as it were, noticed, without remarking, for several afternoons, occupying a dim corner during the service. Both had disappeared when I next looked.

I left Mozart's Twelfth Service open on the desk and departed. I took up my station behind a tree, and watched the temptingly open door unflinchingly. I had bidden the boy remain in his niche, ready to blow for any performer. No one passed in at that door; yet by-and-by the playing commenced. It drew me on into the building. The choicest passages of the service were exquisitely played by more assured fingers than those of yesterday; this was evidently familiar music. When daylight entirely failed, the performer began to extemporize, trying the full powers of the instrument, of which I was justly proud. Strains of what seemed to me unearthly sweetness, and weird strangeness, rooted me to the spot. Sometimes I gazed into the mysteriously stirred duskness of the building, sometimes fixed my eyes upon a star glimmering above the piney top of one of the solemn phalanx of ancient trees, so unwaveringly still, so perfectly defined against the delicious, clear tone of the summer night-sky. I guarded the only exit; the musician could not escape me, unless indeed— But I did not consider myself to be superstitious.

As I leaned in the porch of the cathedral that night, I twisted the incident I have recorded all ways, striving to account for it in what we call a rational manner. In vain.

Something passed by me, stirring the air, making no noise. I started up, stood erect; the last vibrations of sound were dying out. *What* had passed me? Was I thwarted? Had the musician escaped me? I locked the door behind me, locking in the unfortunate boy, and hurried after a something that flitted along, close to the wall of the building. Obliged to leave that shelter, it kept close to the trees in the avenue, and proceeded very rapidly. I ran.

An oil-lamp flared under the arched way; just there I overtook the form I had pursued. Bah! it was only the child I had noticed lingering while I practiced. Then my musician was, I flattered myself, safely locked up. But the child must have seen him, as she had lingered ever since the service. The musician must, too, have lingered, no one having passed in since I had kept watch.

When I overtook the young girl, I found she was not quite a child; she paused, and turned upon me a small, sickly face. I felt foolish before the mild questioning of her eyes and the meek dignity of her manner. I muttered some excuse for frightening her.

"You did not frighten me," she answered.

"You have just left the cathedral—you have heard the playing. Do you know who the musician is? Did any one pass you as you came away?"

"You were in the porch. I passed you. I have seen no one else."

"No one else! Yet you must have been in the cathedral ever since service, or I should have seen you later. I want to speak to the person who played. Surely you can help me to find him."

Her eyes fell, and she seemed to me to hold debate within herself. Just then an elderly woman slipped under the arch from the street without; she put the girl's arm under her own, and led her away, scolding her for not having come home earlier.

As I returned to the cathedral my mind misgave me. I reproached myself for having let the girl escape me, feeling convinced that she might have aided to solve the mystery. She had not said she could not help me, but had evidently hesitated. I had now little hope of securing the unknown musician to-night; but I opened the door cautiously, and called the boy. He came whimpering; he had believed himself a prisoner till morning. Regardless of his distress, I demanded if he had seen the organist.

"She give me this (showing a shilling), and went away the very minute she'd adone playing."

"*She!*" It flashed upon me.

I had spoken to the musician then! that slight, plain young girl. She would surely come again—I *would* secure her.

Next evening I set my trap—the open door and instrument—and watched. She had not been at the service; I had searched every hiding-place; I watched in vain—in vain for many successive evenings. Yet I felt sure that it was but a question of time and patience; that the attractions of the place would prove irresistible.

I was very observant of the Sunday congregation, and of the few persons who collected to listen to the afternoon services. Once I believed that I saw the wished-for face; but a beflowered bonnet, lifted up determinately after having been bowed down in drowsiness, interposed. I gave up lingering about in the yard of an evening, and esconced myself instead behind the screening jasmine at my window. An evening came on which my patience was rewarded. I had left upon the organ-desk the *Stabat Mater* of Pergolesi, that Domenichino of music. Well, just after the cathedral bell had tolled seven, a slight figure flitted through the arched way, and passed swiftly up the avenue, then took the path branching off to the small door; here it disappeared within the building.

I sprang up and clapped my hands, crying, "There is no mercy, no hope of escape for you." I leaped from my window, and crossed the yard bare-headed; before a note had sounded, I had stealthily ascended the organ-loft. I did not mean to show myself at once; I would assure myself that this was my very miracle.

I peered through the curtain: the young girl was eagerly pulling off her gloves—from such slight, childlike hands! She looked at the music before her discontentedly; evidently she did not know it. She turned the leaves, softly trying one passage and another; her face brightened with intelligence and interest.

The girl-musician was not pretty; till she played, her face wore a dejected expression; when you did not see her eyes, it was lustreless and insignificant. By instinct, she seemed to select the finest passages of the music before her; and as she proceeded, joy irradiated her mien; scintillations of light shot from beneath the lashes of the absorbed eyes; lines of thought and power appeared on the young brow, and a smile of satisfaction made the mouth very sweet. She had forgotten all but the music. I could have sworn then that the sickly girl was perfectly beautiful—no mere girl either, but a woman with an angel's face. By-and-by she paused, and covered that face with her hands.

When she removed the hands and looked up, I stood beside her. She did not start; she rose and stood before me, steadily meeting my eyes, varying expressions gathering into hers; at last she slightly smiled. I had meant to be peremptory, to reprove her for the trouble she had given me, and to *command* her to become our organist. I found myself speaking with the utmost gentleness; there was nothing of pride or triumph in her smile, it was infinitely sad—a smile of resignation.

"If you wish, this shall always be your place. Nobody but you and myself (I would not abnegate my right) shall touch these keys."

A shy, startled joy came into her face.

"Our organist died in the spring. We have been without one since: you must fill his place in this cathedral."

"Are you not the organist?"

"No; I only play for love of it, and when no one else is here to do it."

"Are you the bishop, then?"

"No." I laughed. "But I am a friend of his. I appoint you the organist of Waldon Cathedral."

She looked at me to ascertain if I were mocking her, if I were to be trusted; her face grew very bright, but she shook her head.

"I am too young; I should get frightened. I should not play such music as ought to be played here."

"I am the best judge of that: I will call at your home, and arrange with your relations."

"I have not any relations; but I have a friend whom I must consult. I will send her to you with her answer to-morrow."

"Your answer must be 'Yes;' and I will do all in my power to make your duty easy and pleasant. Will you play no more to-night?"

She shook her head; so, as it was getting dusk, I closed the organ.

"Promise me that, in any case, I shall hear you play again," I said.

"O yes, if you wish it."

"You have not asked my name, or where I live." I gave her my card, having followed her to the door. She paused there, looked back into the building, and then out at the noble limes.

"It would be beautiful to live here always. Good-night; you have made me happy; I was afraid you would tell me I might not come here again."

I said "Good-night," but followed her still: it looked such a spirit-like little form gliding before me in the twilight, that I felt reluctant to lose sight of it. I hinted as much; but under the arched way she paused to dismiss me. If she were a child in years, she had a woman's dignity. I was impatient for the morrow.

As I sat at breakfast, a book open before me, but my eyes watching the sunlight slanting on the grotesquely carved figures of the façade of the cathedral opposite me, Margaret, my housekeeper, informed me that a "middle-aged female" wished to see me. I desired she should be introduced directly, and recognized the woman who had joined the young musician under the gateway the night she had tarried in the cathedral so late.

"I've agreed that the young lady shall play; it's pleasure to her, and we are but poor," was the answer to my eager inquiry.

The business part of the matter was soon arranged. Our good bishop caused the organist of Waldon Cathedral to receive a handsome salary, and the woman became eager that the child's duties should begin at once.

"I have yet to learn the young lady's name," I reminded her.

"Alice Hall. She's an orphan. I was a housekeeper in her mother's family. They're all gone, and left Alice nothing; and her father was only a music-teacher. We're but lately come from Jersey, and know no one in this town."

"Miss Hall has friends in Jersey, then?"

"She has no friend in the world but me."

Mrs. Smith—that was her name, she told me—turned back from the door to inquire of me if I knew of any small house out of the town and near the cathedral likely to suit her young lady. I was glad to be able to point out to her a pretty cottage on a slight elevation in a meadow behind the cathedral, which was at that time to let. I dispatched Margaret with Mrs. Smith to look over the Mead-cottage, and to introduce the stranger to its landlord.

I had appointed to meet my little friend in the cathedral at eleven—she was punctual to a minute. Her guardian accompanied her, and settled herself with her knitting on a wooden bench just at the foot of the organ-loft stairs.

This morning I was teacher. I showed Miss Hall all the peculiarities of the instrument, and heard her play through some of the last organist's favorite services, telling her that, by-and-by, when she was at home here, she should play any thing she chose.

"It is a misfortune for a musician to have such hands as yours," I remarked.

"I try all I can to stretch them," was answered, apologetically.

I should have liked to take the tiny, supple things into my own, to feel if they had any bone at all. Of course I did no such thing; their accidental contact affected me strangely. I did not yet feel so very certain that our little organist was made of merely ordinary flesh and blood.

I made her pay me for my trifling assistance by playing for me Scarletti's Requiem. She knew it well, and rendered it exquisitely. Exquisite is the word for her playing; it was so finished and perfect, though not wanting in power and passion.

When her guardian summoned her several hours had elapsed, yet I was reluctant to let her go.

I did not praise her; but she pleased me greatly—she was different from any woman I had ever known—in a high degree grateful and intelligent. Already I wondered that I could ever have thought her plain.

For a few days yet I was to play the services. Each afternoon she sat beside me. One would have thought that I was some great master, and she a simple ignorant, so closely and admiringly she watched me. She had the unconsciousness and modesty of genius in an eminent degree. She always looked pained, as if she thought I mocked her, if I descended from the eminence on which she had placed me, and hinted that my gift was less perfect than hers. She had also, as I soon found, the inexhaustible industry and patience of genius—morning and evening found her practicing in the cathedral.

"You have had a thorough musical education," I observed to her one day.

"My father lived for music, and devoted himself to teaching me. It is two years since he died, and I have been starved for music, and his love, since." There was a thrill of passion in her voice, and the tears started to her eyes. "Here I shall be happy," she added, calmly. "I felt sure of it the first time I entered the cathedral."

"You must have been very young when—"

"When papa died? I was nineteen; now I am twenty-one. I am often taken for a mere child."

"Alice, Alice! It is time to go home," Mrs. Smith cried.

Miss Hall was to officiate first on a Sunday, because I planned it so. On the Saturday evening I found her nervous, tearful, and deadly pale. I repented my tyranny, offered to play for her, that she might, as she had wished, accustom herself to her duty by first playing the afternoon services to a small audience.

"No. You are very kind; but I ought to play to-morrow—it is my duty. Shall you be very vexed if I make some great mistake?" She looked at me wistfully.

"I will take care that you do not do that."

"Will you be near me?"

"Where I am now—ready to turn the pages."

"That makes it all different," said the child. "I thought you would be down among the people, and that I should be quite alone. I do not mind now."

Her words touched me—my eyes grew moist. "God bless thee, dear child," I murmured as I looked after her retreating form that evening.

Next morning I went early to the cathedral to arrange things as I thought Miss Hall would best like. She, too, came early, looking pale, but quite composed.

I watched her throughout the service. She played perfectly. Yes, she was quite to be relied upon, this child; yet how she loved to rely upon others! When all was over—the cathedral empty, and her beautiful voluntary finished—she lifted her eyes to my face as I bent down, removing her books.

"How good you are to me! I could not have borne it all if you had not been by me!" she said.

"I think you could. I think any way you would have managed to do your duty well. Never mind that, however; it is time you went home to rest."

In the evening she was no longer pale; her eyes did not seek courage from mine; she had no thought but for her music, and played with intense fervor. I did not tell her how the congregation lingered in the building after the service, how many glances were upturned to the curtained gallery where she sat; nor did I afterward repeat to her the admiration I heard expressed of her performance. Why not? I hardly knew; certainly not because I feared to make her vain—she was far too pure and simple. I fancy I was jealous that she should hear from others warmer praise than I had ever conceded, and chose to believe her quite content with my content.

Our new organist continued to practice with untiring diligence. I saw her at least once, often twice each day. Each day she looked brighter and happier—music was healing her of inward sorrow, removing the sad sense of desolation. Truly she had been starved: now she could satisfy her soul with music. As for love—was I as a father to her?

There came an evening when I was allowed to walk home with Mrs. Smith and Miss Hall. Before passing through the arched way out of the cathedral yard, Alice looked back lovingly:

"Would it be possible for me ever, any where, to forget this place?" she said, musingly. "It seems so holy. I am so happy. It is like a dream. When I die, aunt (so she called Mrs. Smith), I should like to be buried very near the cathedral."

"No need to speak to me of such things, Alice; please God, you'll live many a year after I am under ground."

"I do not wish to die," she answered.

Pressing her hand, which lay upon my arm, against my heart, I longed to gather her dear self to my bosom—the gifted, heavenly-minded child!

That night I was invited to sup at the Mead cottage. I had opportunity of observing the elegant neatness—sign of dainty household ways—which pervaded Alice's home. I perceived how the same refinement that characterized her as an artist informed the humble details of her daily life. When I went home, many things in the arrangement of my grander house displeased me—there were faults of commission, yet more of omission; evidently a central somewhat was wanting.

The bishop returned to Waldon. I introduced our young organist to him, and he soon began to make a pet of her; fruit and flowers from the palace-gardens frequently found their way to the Mead cottage. Every thing was satisfactory; there was nothing to detain me in Waldon; still I delayed to start upon my long-planned tour.

Charmed weeks flew by. A cathedral quiet and sacredness was over my whole life. A longer stay than usual in Waldon had often before intolerably irritated me; the ceaseless, silent preaching of the solemn cathedral seeming to tempt me, in some way, to desecrate its holiness; its unvarying, unregarding calm making me doubly conscious of the turbulent passionateness so successfully concealed under my old-fashioned aspect. Now all was different. My being seemed in harmony with all things lovely, calm, and pure.

I was invited to spend a musical evening at the palace; our young organist was to be there. On her account, the ancient and handsomely inlaid piano, which had long stood in the mullioned window of the episcopal drawing-room, had given way to a splendid instrument of modern construction. By-the-by, I had long seen that the Waldon young ladies were jealous of Miss Hall. They treated her contemptuously; and it was beautiful to see how to their haughty reserve she opposed a perfectly simple and self-respecting humility. After a primitively early tea—the cathedral chimes told five as we sat down to the table—we all strolled among the brilliant flower-beds upon the close-shaven lawns. The good old bishop kept Alice by his side, because she was friendless—no one else noticing her. I contented myself with looking at her.

Alice had now been three months at Waldon, and by this time I did not doubt her perfect moral and physical loveliness. She certainly had altered since she first came; the sickly hue of her skin had changed to a clear, pure pallor; the look of dejection had given place to one of deep-seated content; her large gray eyes shone lustrous, and seemed to well over with feeling and genius. I was familiar with each subtle charm—each droop and natural wave of her soft, brown hair; the course of each vein meandering beneath the snowy skin on her fair temples; the graceful line of her bending neck; the rarely beautiful outline— But, O Heaven! I must stop myself.

On this evening Alice was dressed as simply as usual; her gown was of lilac muslin, to the hue of which the evening sunlight gave a lovely bloom. She glided along by the bishop's side, now and then lifting glad, artless glances to his kindly face. Sweet child! she was happy; he loved her. She was always happy with those who loved her.

I had lived in a dream so long that it was difficult for me to throw off its influence. I did not join myself to any of the groups around me; by-and-by I stood quite alone on a little mound, a screen of shrubs between me and the strollers. I stood still to watch the sunset light glide up the sculptured cathedral stones—higher and higher, touching face, flower, foliage; up and up till it failed from off the pinnacle.

I heard my own name uttered by a voice behind me—a voice I knew, a hateful, purring, treacherous voice—then I heard these words:

"She is shockingly affected; a dreadful flirt! It is disgusting to see how she has got on the old bishop's blind side. I wonder if the chit fancies she might be a bishop's lady!"

"She flies rather lower than that," said a kindred voice. "She and Mr. —— (never mind my name) go on in a way that is quite shocking—in the cathedral too. Of course they call it practicing—a very pretty kind of practice!"

Of course the tabbies spoke of Alice. My blood tingled.

I pushed through the drooping branches and confronted the creatures.

"A charming time for sweet and charitable discourse, fair ladies," I remarked, then passed on toward the house.

A pair of soft eyes questioned me wistfully when I entered the drawing-room; they met a new expression in my answering look, perhaps; they drooped, and a rosy flush crept up to the vailing lashes.

My cathedral calm was desecrated; her eyes had never before so drooped before mine. When I went home, I found a letter awaiting me. It summoned me north, to the death-bed of the only relative I had in the world. Alice and I were alike in our friendlessness. I immediately went to the coach-office to secure a place by the morning mail. Even now there is no railway within many miles of Waldon. I occupied the night in packing, and in selecting music, and writing most minute directions for the organist. This done, I hesitated. Should I write to Alice any thing beyond these instructions—any thing personal, private? I decided that to do so would be to deprive myself of somewhat of my measure of pure delight; I did not wish to lose one glance, blush, smile, or tear. I did not expect that my absence would be a long one. In the hurry of departure, I forgot to tell Margaret to send the parcel I had prepared for Miss Hall; but as it was addressed to her, she would surely receive it, I thought. My relative lingered. Each day might be his last, they said; yet he lingered a month. Then business detained me; then, perhaps owing to my anxiety to return to Waldon, I was attacked by nervous fever, a complaint I had suffered from before.

It was on a grim December night that I at last re-entered Waldon. Leaving my luggage at the coach-office, I proceeded homeward. I was so cramped by cold, and exhausted by fasting, that I could hardly drag my limbs along, and my brain was in a state of feverish excitement. Alice had been present in most of my sick visions—her face always of deadly pallor and reproachful expression. It haunted me; and, as I had re-entered Waldon, vague apprehension stole over me drearily.

Midnight began to strike as I passed through the arched way into the cathedral yard. The wind became very high, sobbing and soughing about eerily; it parted the clouds, and let through a half gleam of moonlight to make luminous the moving low-hanging mists. At the further end of the lime-avenue I believed that I descried a human figure: it branched off toward my little door of the cathedral. I tried to overtake it: it vanished, passing in at the low porch. The clanging of the clock had ceased, and I imagined that I detected the sound of the organ. I paused. Yes; low wailing notes deepened to a full gush of minor harmony; then melancholy cadences sobbed away into silence. Chilled to the heart—conscious of icy fingers among the roots of my hair—I opened that door, which I found fast locked. I groped my way into the cathedral, believing nothing so little as that it was earthly music to which I had listened. In the building all was now silent. I crept on, with a tremulous voice calling on Alice's name. My open arms embraced a cold form; my senses left me.

When the ghastly wintery dawn crept down upon me, I found myself lying at the foot of a sculptured female form. "Alice is dead!" was my firm conviction. I managed to rise and creep to my house. I did not understand how I came to be in the cathedral.

My aspect frightened Margaret. The first thing my eyes fell upon on entering my room was the packet I had prepared for Alice. "Returned after her death," I inwardly commented. I was too miserable to be fully conscious of my misery. I brooded stupidly over a newly-kindled fire, while Margaret bustled in and out on hospitable thoughts intent.

"When did she die?" I asked stolidly, by-and-by.

"Nigh a month since, Sir."

A long pause.

"Who plays the organ now?"

"Please, Sir, take your hot coffee, and get to bed. Time enough to bother about organs when you look less like a corpse," was added *sotto voce*.

I repeated my question doggedly.

"Well, she does it all the same," was the weird-sounding reply. I had swallowed one cup of Margaret's hot, strong coffee, and life was rekindling within me.

"Are you mocking me, woman?" I cried.

She stared at me, and then gave some soothing answer. Evidently she feared I was deranged. I made a mighty effort to appear composed.

"Margaret, tell me immediately the name of the person who now plays the cathedral organ."

"Alice Hall, Sir; the same who has played for six months now. She went off sudden, and it made no difference to Miss Hall, as it might have done to some, Sir: she has not missed a service."

Again Margaret appeared to find cause for alarm in my face.

"Do you mean to say that for the last month, since her death, the cathedral organ has been played as it used to be in her life?"

"Yes, Sir; it has, Sir." Margaret backed toward the door as I rose.

"Played by a departed, a disembodied spirit; and you take it all as a matter of course."

"Law! Good gracious, Sir, I never said any thing of the kind. Some say Miss Hall looks like a ghost; but she isn't one yet."

"Margaret! who then died a month since?" I put the question solemnly.

"Mrs. Smith, Sir, who used to live with Miss Hall, went off in a fit, quite sudden, as I told you plainly, Sir."

"Leave the room," I commanded.

I can not say what I did or how I felt when left alone.

By-and-by I rang for Margaret. I explained to her my recent illness, and as much as I could remember of the incidents of the night. Having taken some trouble to convince her of my sanity, I again dismissed her. Poor, poor Alice! dear, desolate child! I reproached myself bitterly for having selfishly thought of my own delight, not of her peace; and I tormented myself by imagining what she could possibly think of me—of my having left her without one word of leave-taking, or one sign of remembrance. The parcel she had not received.

I went to the cathedral early. I found that Alice was already there. Unseen, I watched her a while. She looked faded and worn, and was dressed in mourning; she had lost her only friend—for I had no right to hope she still considered me as such—and must feel herself indeed alone. Yet angelic peace and steadfast faith stole over her weary aspect as she played. Oh, well I remember the sweet upturned face, the droop of the soft hair down the thin cheek. My darling!

By-and-by she paused, and took her hands from the keys to draw her shawl closer, with a pale shudder. I stepped near her. Because I hardly dared speak to her at all, I spoke as if we had parted but yesterday: "You should not be here on such a morning."

"And you are come home at last?" She held out to me the hand I had not offered to take. On seeing me, she had grown paler than ever; but when I spoke, gladness beamed from her eyes, to be soon quenched in tears as she saw me look at her mourning-dress.

There was a silence of some moments.

"You have missed me?" I asked, humbly.

"Yes, yes."

"And can you ever forgive me?"

"Forgive you!" she echoed.

I held her hand firmly, and over mine came trembling her free hand, thrilling me by its voluntary, undeserved caress.

"You have been ill—I fear you have been very ill," she said, gazing at me compassionately.

I was glad to make the worst of my case.

"I have been very ill. I have much to plead in excuse of my silence and neglect; but not enough, not half enough, if it has given you pain. You tremble. I frightened you by my sudden return."

"No, no: you never frighten me—you never pain me. I have been sad and lonely; but I knew you would return if you could—if you ought. You have always been good to me: it would have been wrong of me to think of you unkindly."

"Why did you shudder but now?"

"I remembered a dream, a dreadful dream I had last night."

"Tell it me."

"I had rather not."

"I have a reason for wishing to know it."

"I dreamed that you were dead—that I sat at the organ at midnight and played your requiem."

Again she turned very pale. I think I must have done so too. A queer thrill went through me, as for the first time I fully recalled the events of the past night.

"You must let me take you home," I said. I released her hands, and folded her shawl closely round her.

Looking straight into my face with her dear, innocent eyes, she said:

"You must not spoil me so; if you had not, I should not have found it so hard to do without you."

This was just too much for me. I gathered the little thing into my arms, kissed her sweet brow again and again, and cried:

"Alice, you must let me keep you always—you must be my wife!"

She disengaged herself; she drew a little away from me.

"I know that you are very good. Is this because my aunt is dead, and I am alone?" she asked, earnestly.

"It is because I love you."

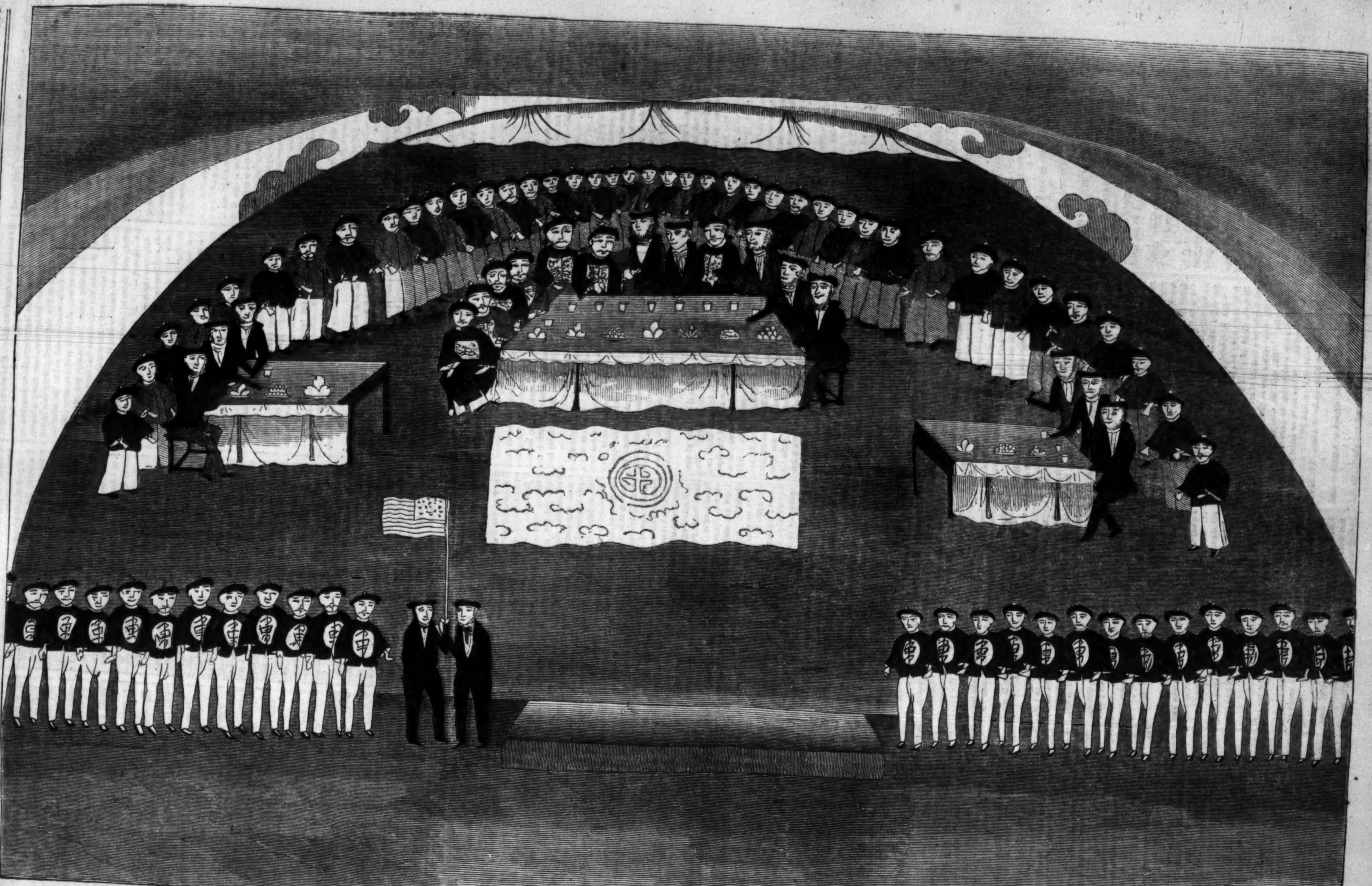
My eyes confirmed my words; hers drooped, and her face looked as if the sun were faintly shining on it through a ruby pane in the window.

The Mead cottage was so desolate that I soon took Alice —— (not Hall) home to my house in the cathedral yard. It was on New-year's Day that the good old bishop married us; and ever since my happy home has been perfectly ordered, and, so she tells me, my perfect wife has been entirely happy.

New-year's Day—the tenth anniversary of my marriage. To-day I have been looking over my papers, and have read through this, written five years since. Oh, Alice, Alice! my wife, my wife! why couldst thou not visibly tarry with me unto the end?

I never leave Waldon now. No fingers but mine must ever touch those keys hers used lovingly to press. She was to me as child, wife, all of kin, my only darling! I am having built a new organ, a glorious one; it is to be my gift to Waldon Cathedral, on condition that the old one is taken down five-and-twenty hours after my death, and destroyed; and that during those five-and-twenty hours no mortal fingers touch its keys. I say five-and-twenty hours, because on the midnight after my death—and I might die just after midnight—Alice will play my requiem, as I heard her so long ago. The organ must never sound again after that. There is a rumor in Waldon that the organist has been mad since his wife's death. I am not mad, because, for my comfort, I know that my love was selfish, my guardianship careless, my tenderness ungentle, my sympathy imperfect, compared with that my darling experiences in Thy keeping, O Lord, my God and her God.

Such is the paper that lately came into our hands. We have learned that at the cathedral, here called Waldon, the congregation, of about half a dozen persons, assembled one grim December afternoon, were detained after service by the powerful beauty of the voluntary performed by their long-feeble organist. It came to an abrupt conclusion. The organist was found with his arms folded on the keys, his cheek rested on them—dead. His wishes with respect to the old organ had long been known: they were strictly regarded.



MEETING BETWEEN MR. REED, AS COMMISSIONER, AND THE CHINESE MANDARINS, ON MAY 4, 1858.—FROM A DRAWING BY A CHINESE ARTIST.

MR. REED IN CHINA.

WE are indebted to the civility of the New York *Herald* for the accompanying picture, which is intended to represent the first really practical diplomatic interview that has taken place between the United States Minister, Mr. Reed, and the representatives of the Emperor of China. It need hardly be remarked that it is a fac-simile of a drawing by a Chinese artist, and serves to illustrate the Chinese notion of art as well as the scene which it purports to depict.

The interview represented took place on 4th May, 1858, in a tent near the fort at the mouth of the Pei-ho—since taken by the combined British and French forces. At the centre of the table sits Mr. Martin, the interpreter; on his right sits Tyan, the Governor of the Province, supported by five Commissioners. On the left of Mr. Martin is Mr. Reed, supported on his left by high Chinese officials, Captain S. F. Dupont, St. R. N. Stembb, and Surgeon J. L. Fox. At the right hand side table sits Mr. G. Bacon, Master of the *Mississippi*, Mr. Reed's son, and Secretary. At the left hand side table sits Mr. Bradley, American Consul at Ningpo, and other members of the legation. In the foreground there is an orderly sergeant and a private from the *Minnesota*, bearing the American flag. To the right and left of the tent the Chinese troops, without arms, are drawn up in line as a guard of honor. In the rear are seen standing forty-one high mandarins. On the reserve tables dishes of meats, fruits, wine, etc., have been placed. Mr. Reed and Governor Tyan are represented in the act of shaking hands.

The correspondent of the New York *Times*—who is evidently a personage of note, and who is said to be none other than the interpreter Martin—thus describes the same scene:

> "The tent was hung with crimson, and the ground carpeted with the same color, which is that used by the Chinese on all festive occasions. The interior was occupied by a long table and two side tables, all neatly furnished with fruits and confectionery.
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> "Mr. Reed was placed in the seat of honor, on the left of the High Commissioner, with Mr. Martin, who acted as interpreter, between and a little in the rear of the two high functionaries. The two assistant Commissioners, Dr. Williams, Secretary of Legation, Captain Dupont, of the United States steamer *Minnesota*, the Treasurer of the Province, the Manchu General in command of the garrison, and a *Tontai*, or circuit judge, completed the company at the long table. The other members of the legation, and several officers of the navy, were seated at the side tables; while numbers of blue and white-buttoned mardarins, who would have been great men in some situations, were compelled to stand in the presence of their superiors. I may remark here that the rank of a mandarin is indicated by a precious stone, of a globular shape, commonly called a button, attached to the top of his cap. The highest are the red, and the blue and white next in order; and each of these is sub-divided into two or three classes. All who sat at the long table with the Commissioner wore red buttons, except a circuit judge, who, though he wore a blue one, was also decorated with the plume of extraordinary merit.
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> "The interview lasted for two hours, and was wholly occupied in arranging the bases for negotiations. But little time was spent in exchanging compliments, and still less in gratifying the palate with the tempting fruits and confectionery spread out before us. Mr. Reed and Commissioner Fan scarcely allowed themselves leisure to moisten their lips with tea. No wine was brought on the table, and I note this as the first Chinese entertainment I ever saw given without the presence of that universal beverage. It was not wanted, however, for there was no room for mirth and humor. Earnest business absorbed the attention of the high diplomatic functionaries; and though the utmost good feeling prevailed, there was not an individual of either nation among those who were admitted to the interview who was not impressed with the solemnity of the occasion. After agreeing to the proposition of the Imperial Commissioners, to ascertain the will of their master on an important preliminary, the United States Minister and his *cortége* took their leave."

In fact, the interview led to nothing. It may be that the Chinese diplomatists, as the *Times* correspondent suggests, are such very able men that Mr. Reed has not been able to make head against them; or it may be that the method adopted by the maritime powers of Europe, the bombardment with shot and shell, is the only argument to which they are pervious. But, whatever the cause may be, there can be no doubt of the fact that our diplomacy has made little headway. Mr. Reed had every hope, when he left, of doing something to distinguish himself and benefit his country. There were not wanting persons who pointed out that our attitude of neutrality would enable us to make better terms with the Chinese than the belligerents of Europe could obtain; but, as the facts appear, we might as well have had no commerce with China, and Mr. Reed might as well have been still prosecuting vagrants for getting drunk in the streets and disturbing the constitutional repose of the Quakers of Philadelphia. It must be a painful subject of reflection to him; to the mercantile community it must be rather pleasant to perceive that foreigners are fighting our battles at their own cost.

A RAT TALE.

THE most magnificent rat battues in the world are held, at intervals, at Montfaucon, outside Paris. Montfaucon is an establishment, under government superintendence, where worn-out horses are slain, stray dogs are made an end of, and several other secret mysteries are accomplished. When Monsieur Brissot-Thivars had charge of the public salubrity—which gave him the command of Montfaucon as well as of the Parisian sewers—he invited Balzac, the novelist, to a field-day, which was eagerly accepted by that distinguished writer. Brissot-Thivars was enthusiastically fond of every thing that belonged to his department. He spoke of sewers and drains with poetic fervor; he quoted the Romans and their cloaca maxima, with the ambition of surpassing their subterranean architecture; he vaunted the pilgrimage to Montfaucon as travelers now descant on the sublimities of Mont Blanc or the Jung Frau. It was agreed that the Inspector of Salubrity, Balzac, Dr. Gentil, and another gentleman should reach their destination at three in the morning. The party were exact at the rendezvous. But to get to Montfaucon in the dead of the night was no easy task. The rain had fallen in torrents for four-and-twenty hours previously; the roads outside the barriers were impracticable for wheel-carriages; and the pilgrims were absolutely obliged to perform their journey on foot, through puddles of water and sloughs of despond. Like an able general, Brissot-Thivars sought to dissipate the increasing demoralization of his army by an exciting address.

"My dear friends, in a little quarter of an hour we shall be there; but I will not wait till the end of that quarter of an hour to let you know the surprise which I have specially reserved for you, in addition to the other surprises which await you there."

"What may be that wonderful surprise?" asked Balzac, in a tone which seemed to say, "If I don't like the surprise, I won't stir a step further."

"Yesterday," continued the bold inspector, "one of Lord Egerton's finest horses was obliged to be killed. I have ordered it to be set aside for your special use, and for yours alone."

"Is it intended that we should eat the horse?" inquired Balzac.

"No; but in the short space of one hour you will enjoy the spectacle—the rare and magnificent spectacle—of beholding that gigantic horse entirely devoured by the rats of Montfaucon, who, be it known to you, are the most voracious and the most ferocious creatures on the face of the globe. Every preliminary measure has been arranged. And, now, let those who love me follow me!"

His excited followers marched on fearlessly through the treacherous darkness and the yawning wheel-ruts. They beguiled the time by pleasing talk about the increasing sale of horse-flesh at Montfaucon, and the culinary capabilities of the same raw material.

"Horse-flesh sold! horse-flesh eaten!" exclaimed Balzac, to whom hippophagy was a greater novelty than it would have been had he survived to the present day. "What a horrible perversion of taste it will be, to return to cannibalism through the by-road of horse-eating! If they eat the horse to-day, they will eat the horseman to-morrow. There is only the thickness of a saddle between the two repasts."

Over the greasy, spongy grounds, rendered still more spongy and greasy by the previous rains, the adventurous expedition wended its way, headed by the General of Public Salubrity, toward the part of the establishment where the spectacle had been prepared. A dozen men employed on the place preceded them with a degree of mysterious circumspection, each having a lighted resin torch in his right hand, and a long ladder on his left shoulder; four others, having ladders only, followed with the silence of conspirators. The night and the torch-light cast a Catiline-like hue over the mute but steady-stepping band. It suggested recollections of Samlancay, who was conducted to Montfaucon exactly thus, with an escort of flambeaux, to be hanged, in the reign of Francis the First, for the good pleasure of his excellent sister, Madame d'Angoulême. By the side of the present party there trotted a pack of dingy dogs, of the same color as the cloudy night, who had their own private reasons for joining the company besides the affection they bore to their masters. They were mastiffs and bull-dogs descended, by careful crossing, from the most formidable and famous Saxon and English races; with square angular heads, short ears, prominent and bloodshot eyes, teeth of iron, and elephantine feet and legs. If one of them only strayed out of the line, a hard kick in the ribs brought him back again to his place; but, speedy as was his obedience, he found time, as he re-entered the ranks, to show a double row of teeth ready to devour his Mentor. Indeed, had the dogs been unanimous and so inclined, in five minutes they could have torn the whole expedition, guides and visitors, to atoms, leaving hardly a recognizable scrap to be picked up afterward.

They soon reached the foot of a circular wall, or nearly circular; for nothing here presents a regular form or a decided plan. The very substance of things differs from ordinary reality. The earth has the inconsistency of sponge; the mud, the fluidity of water; the water, the thickness of mud; the hillocks scattered over the soil are friable as sand; the cottages of the keepers and workmen are tumble-down heaps of tottering stones; the five ponds inclosed within the limits of the establishment have the desolate aspect of five inundations; and the only way to breathe is to hold your breath. The ladders were placed against the wall; and, after a difficult ascent, the party and their dozen torch-bearers took their places on the top of the wall. Before and below them was a vast inclosure appropriated to the slaughter of condemned horses. Heaps of bones scattered here and there indicated this funereal destination. It required a few minutes to accustom the eyes to the gloomy scene before they could well make out its details. The bottom of this ill-paved tub was traversed by long and irregular stone gutters, all of which radiated toward the circumscribing wall, on reaching which they were closed by iron doors consisting of perpendicular bars, so placed as to allow liquid matters to escape, but preventing the passage of solid substances. The spectators continue to wait on the top of their wall.

Brissot-Thivars palpitated with impatience and anxiety; would his drama succeed or fail? The curtain was now about to rise. Dr. Gentil sat astride on the wall, breathing the beneficent smoke of a cigar, as an antidote to the powerful emanations from the theatre of action.

One of the iron gates in the wall opened. Four men immediately entered, dragging after them, with ropes, the dead horse, the hero of the fête, the principal actor who has been so impatiently expected. As soon as they had rapidly disengaged the poor creature from its last connection with human society, they left it naked on the stones, and retreated hastily, slamming the iron gate behind them. The overture was played; the piece now began. Brissot-Thivars looked at Balzac; Balzac looked at Brissot-Thivars; this great dramatic author (Brissot is meant in the present instance) and this great public were to form their judgment of each other's powers. They had to decide, mutually, whether the one was up to the other's mark.

At all the iron gates at the end of the gutters, and doubtless from other unseen vent-holes, there instantly appeared several rats, attracted by the mighty feast. They were the scouts of the army in ambuscade. A few individuals, detached from this first platoon, advanced on the tips of their toes to within a few yards of the carcass; and there they turned by common consent their sharp muzzles and their quivering smellers toward the gates by which they had entered, as if to make sure of a retreat in case of need.

The first signs of timidity disappeared when they found themselves joined by other rats, who came in crowds to share the banquet. Their numbers gave them mutual encouragement; and the pavement began to be blackened all over with reinforcements of fresh regiments of rats. Balzac remarked that, among these rats, there was a progression of stature and strength from the first to the last, or rather from the first to those that followed, for the last had not yet shown themselves. The earliest arrivals, lean, long, and weakly, were followed by others in better plight, who, in turn, were followed by still more comely and thrifty guests. The first comers were clearly the hungriest.

Continuing the induction from their mien and gait, Balzac attributed to each rat his profession or his position in the social scale. "Here comes a hanger-on at the attorney's office, at twenty francs a month wages. That next fellow is a clerk, with a salary of twelve hundred francs a year; he is better filled out. There goes another who lives on his property; he has his immoralities, and is growing bald." But the physiological description did not last long.

The floor of the court disappeared under an ever-thickening carpet of rats. There were black rats, brown rats, tawny rats, yellow rats, chestnut rats, rats of orders gray, slate-colored rats, and even white rats. Just before it was completely covered there advanced from the mass a detachment of rats bolder and more adventurous than the rest. They marched in three columns, and in the form of a triangle, up to the carcass, of which they took possession. It was a successful military recognizance. Their other companions, thus encouraged, charged with much greater resolution. The leaders climbed up the horse's flanks, ripped up its skin from one end to the other, just as a tailor unstitches an old coat to tear it up into rags; and then hundreds, thousands, myriads of rodents streamed in at every aperture, crowding thick and anxiously, like an audience rushing out of a theatre on fire. They scrambled over one another; and their rustling movements, their little shrill whistlings, inaudible at first, produced by their multiplication the hum and murmur of a crowd, in which you could almost fancy you heard the sound of human voices. Life was boiling in this animated mass. It made you shudder to think of what would be your fate were you to fall into the midst of it from your perch on the wall.

"Is it not fine?" exclaimed Brissot-Thivars.

"Superb!" replied Balzac, with a salute of the hand. "Splendid! Are your lions there?"

"As you say, my lions. Do you hear them roar?"

"I do hear them. Well roared Montfaucon!"

"Do you know," continued Brissot-Thivars, pointing to the incalculable legions of fearful destroyers who were heaving before his eyes, "that if, one of these days, from some cause not difficult to imagine, these clouds of rats were to make a descent on Paris, a whole quarter would either be devoured or be put in terrible jeopardy?"

"Really?" demanded Balzac, delighted to hear of the strange and dramatic danger to which Paris was exposed.

"Nothing is more true. A landslip after a tempest might bring about the event."

"Paris invaded by Montfaucon rats! What a spectacle! Can not we try the experiment?" said Balzac, heated by his own idea. "If, after the next thunder-storm, you could induce a landslip, my dear Inspector—"

"What, I! I, who am charged with the protection of Paris from all eventualities which may arise from Montfaucon! You are carrying the joke too far, my dear Monsieur de Balzac. Do you not know—"

"I am not joking at all," interrupted Balzac.

"Silence!" said Dr. Gentil. "The grand dissection is now going to begin."

The Doctor was right. The Montfaucon rats had opened the horse; and they cut it up, bored it, riddled it through and through, and chopped it into mince-meat—a work of destruction which was hidden from sight a few minutes afterward, the horse having completely disappeared beneath the hideous brutes, who, hanging on with the voracious precision of leeches to its rounded form, soon offered the spectacle of a magnified horse composed of thousands of living rats, after the fashion of the shell-work toys and ornaments that are made to represent men and animals.

What a clash of arms! The gnashing of their teeth was audible; the sound of the knives and forks reached the ears of the spectators in the boxes. Among these indefatigable gluttons there were some as large as a full-grown tom-cat. But what cat would risk an encounter with such adversaries as these? He would have been devoured as easily as a partridge by a fox; he would have been swallowed whole before he reached the ground.

"It is time!" shouted Brissot-Thivars, by way of word of command to one of the men, who, mounted on the wall, lighted up this scene with a pot of burning resin. "It is time!"

At this order from the chief the man designated threw his torch into the arena; it fell a short distance from the spot where the jackals of Montfaucon were finishing their orgy. There was a shower of fire upon these greedy epicures; nothing else than a downfall of incandescent flakes could have obtained the desired result. There uprose a wail, as if a multitude of infants were being murdered, and little spiral columns of reddish smoke rose in cork-screws in the air. There opened a hole in the moving mass, at the spot where the melted resin had fallen. At the bottom of the hole a skeleton was visible; it was the skeleton of the horse—a horse no longer. In the cavities, cells, and compartments of its frame-work, groups of satiated rats had taken up their lodging; some had gone to sleep, like drunkards, overcome by intoxication, falling under a public-house table. They were drunk with horse-flesh.

"Now let in the dogs!" was the second word of command given by Brissot-Thivars to his men.

"What! It is not finished yet?" cried Balzac, who had not lost a single item of the rare and novel observations which the spectacle afforded.

"Finished!" answered the Inspector of Public Salubrity, with ironical pride. "Finished! It is not even yet begun."

This magnificent boast confounded the visitors, but it pleased them notwithstanding. Balzac felt at that moment such admiration for Brissot-Thivars that it tore from him the singular eulogy, "Ah, you would have made a famous manager of a theatre!"

The compliment went to the heart of the worthy Inspector; his chin buried itself in his broad cravat to hide its delight. Never had Public Salubrity enjoyed a happier moment on earth.

The dogs entered the arena, and the carnage began. The first few minutes were glorious for them. They were mad with joy. They killed; they gave tongue; they gave tongue, they killed; they bagged two at a shot, like first-rate sportsmen. A pair of rats were often entrapped in the same snapping bite. And when they thought their victims dead they shook them about, as puppies will shake an empty glove. Then they cast them aside, and recommenced the massacre. But all pleasures end in exhaustion. The excitement of the dogs gradually diminished; cruelty gave place to clemency—clemency which was only fatigue in disguise. And yet, if they had scattered death around, in reality they had destroyed just nothing at all. The first quarter of an hour was all their own, the second was by no means so. There were barkings which sounded much more like accents of pain than shouts of victory. The reaction had begun. There were many and many bleeding ears; there were muzzles from which hung bunches of rats, who were now taking their revenge on the enemy. It was in vain to try and shake the assailants off; they held on so firm and tight that the countenances of the combatants were disfigured for life. Others limped along with wounded feet, while others could not stir a peg. The rest, doubtless, defended themselves bravely, but still they had to act on the defensive. The original position was completely changed. The chances might have turned out unfavorable to the dogs, if their masters, alarmed at their danger, and also to crown the fête, had not issued from the iron gate with naked arms brandishing clubs, turning the tide of battle, and changing defeat into victory. What joy for the dogs was the sight of this reinforcement! They recovered their former energy.

The struggle was renewed. The men were superb. Every blow of the stick sent coveys of rats—one might have said partridges—flying. The dogs snapped them up in mid-air, completing the illusion. The rats, exasperated, despairing, bounded over the backs of the dogs, climbed up the men, ran into their beards and hair, round their necks, between their legs, over their shoulders, panted, whistled, clung together, and bit the sticks with such fury as to leave their teeth in them. Many broke their own necks by a rush against the wall, committing suicide rather than yield—like stoical rats of antiquity. Naturally the victory remained on the side of the men; but it cost them dear. A duel fought with sabres with their fellow-men would not have put them into a more pitiable condition.

The fête was ended. Brissot-Thivars, steaming with enthusiasm, ran to Balzac, who received him in his arms.

"What a drama, is it not?" said the Inspector of Public Salubrity.

"A drama!" exclaimed Balzac, delighted with his night's amusement. "Say a poem, and you will still be far short of the truth."

THINGS WISE AND OTHERWISE.

THE ex-president of the Conundrum Club perpetrates another atrocity, viz.: "What is that which no man wants, which if any man has he would not part with for untold wealth?" Answer, "A bald head."

No one, says Dean Loker, will ever shine in conversation who thinks of saying fine things. To please, one must say many things indifferent, and many very bad. This last rule of the Dean's is rarely violated in society.

MARRIAGE.—A good woman is not thoroughly known before marriage. Of how many sweet domestic virtues may not she be possessed, of which even he who values her most highly is unaware until he has placed her in his own mansion to be the guardian angel of his household happiness!

"I never complained of my condition," says the Persian poet Sadi, "but once, when my feet were bare, and I had no money to buy shoes; but I met a man without feet, and became contented with my lot."

Man's riches are to be estimated rather by the fewness of his wants than the greatness of his possessions.

What is it you must keep after giving it to another? Your word.

Boswell observing to Johnson that there was no instance of a beggar dying for want in the streets of Scotland—"I believe, Sir, you are very right," says Johnson; "but this does not arise from the want of beggars, but the impossibility of starving a Scotchman."

"In my fertile country," said a Leicestershire man, "you could turn a horse into a field new-mown, and the next morning the grass would be grown above his hoofs." "Pooh! that's nothing," cried a Yorkshireman; "you may turn a horse into a field in Yorkshire, and not be able *to find him next morning*."

A Plowman's Appetite.—A Scotchman having hired himself to a farmer, had a cheese set down before him that he might help himself. The master said to him, "Sandy, you take a long time to breakfast." "In troth, master," answered he, "a cheese o' this size is nae sae soon eaten as ye may think."

Which five names in early Scripture indicate the commencement of corporal punishment?—Adam, Seth Eve, Cain Abel!

A bachelor was saying, "Next to no wife, a good wife is best." "Nay," said a gentlewoman, "next to a good wife, no wife is the best."

"One of our Western merchants," says a St. Louis correspondent, "having sold a bill to the amount of some eight hundred dollars to one of his country brothers, took a six-months' note for the amount, with interest at 10 per cent. per annum. After waiting some two weeks after the note was due, he wrote to his customer requesting him to send the amount as soon as possible, as he was very hard up at that particular time. In a few days he received the following reply:

"'Dear Friend,—I received your note by yesterday's mail. I can only say in reply, that it is impossible for me to comply with your request, as it is against my principle to pay the interest, and decidedly against my interest to pay the principal. Yours, truly,' etc."

Little Charley L—— is in his fourth year. About a year ago an aunt of his was at his father's, very sick. Charley was told to be very careful not to make a noise and disturb dear auntie. He promised, but, as little boys will do, forgot. His mother hearing him, called him to her to punish him. He whispered to her, "Mother, stop! Please don't make a noise; *you'll wake up Aunt 'Liza.*"

In these days of rapid transit it may be scarcely credited that at the introduction of the steam-engine upon railroads it encountered the most violent opposition. When our Pennsylvania Railroad between Philadelphia and Columbia was first progressed in, few considered that any other power would be used thereon but that of the horse, and such was the power used originally almost exclusively. A bill was at length introduced in the Legislature providing for the purchase of ten locomotives therefor. Notwithstanding strong opposition it passed both Houses, and was sent to the Governor for approval. Here, however, it was arrested, and the clamor against the law reached its climax. Delegations from the Anti-Masonic districts through which the road passed came to Harrisburg in quick succession, appealing to his Excellency in the strongest manner. They represented that the measure would destroy the horse and grain markets, and prostrate the best interests of the farmer. Overcome by this pressure, the Governor interposed his veto and the bill fell. About this time a train was coming up the road, drawn by one of the objectionable machines. When a short distance below Lancaster, the engineer perceived a monster bull on the track; he reversed, approaching the animal at a reduced speed, when he quietly left the track, apparently in disgust. The speed was resumed. At the moment of the *immediate* approach, however, his bullship wheeled around into the track, lowered his head, and made battle. This was so sudden that nothing could save him. The beam struck him (there were no cow-catchers in those days), and knocked him, dead, down an embankment of twenty feet.

The writer was a guest, soon after these occurrences, at a public dinner commemorative of one of the Jackson victories, at which, among other toasts, this one was given, and I need not say well received: "Governor Ritner, and Colonel Slagmaker's big bull—*both opposed to locomotives!*" In the after contests on the subject that toast spoke volumes as to the nature of the opposition to science and progress.

It might interest some to mention that its author is now the President of these United States.

A clergyman was lately depicting, before a deeply interested audience, the alarming increase of intemperance, when, in the midst of a most earnest appeal, he astonished his hearers by exclaiming, "A young woman in my neighborhood died very suddenly last Sabbath, *while I was preaching the Gospel in a state of beastly intoxication!*"

A friend of the witty and eloquent Samuel Russell of Ohio lately told the following anecdote which illustrates his ready wit. In a case in which he was counsel for one of the parties, the lawyer on the opposite side was reading a manuscript in which the word *each* occurred, and miscalled it *catch*. Russell corrected him, but he insisted that he was right. The judge, whose attention had been withdrawn for a few moments, hearing some kind of a dispute going on, turned around, and inquired, "What is the matter, Mr. Russell?" "Oh! nothing, nothing, your honor, only Mr. B—— has *catched* the *each*."

"Pappy, can't I go to the zoological rooms to see the camomile fight with the rhinosercow?" "Sartin, my son—but don't get your trowsers torn. Strange, my dear, what a taste that boy has got for natural history—isn't it? No longer ago than yesterday, he had eight Thomas cats hanging by their narratives from the clothes-line!" "No! Bless his little heart, come to his mother!"

The dialect of the West is raythor strong, and slightually hyperbolical. One Brown, who has lately been traveling in the Occident, as far as Arkansas, says that, when a man in that region desires to say that he would like a drink, he declares that if he had a glass of whisky he would throw himself *outside* of it, mighty quick!

"Jim," inquired a school-boy of one of his mates, "what is the meaning of relics?" "Don't you know? Well, I can tell you. You know the master licked me in school yesterday?" "Yes." "Well, he wasn't satisfied with that, but kept me after school and licked me again. This is what I call a re-lick."

Miss Simons (*the little maiden at No. 16, to Mr. Jones, who has rang the bell three times*). "Oh, dear! is that you, Mr. Jones; I'm so sorry you've been kept waiting. No one heard you when you rang the first and second times."

"Do you know who I am?" said a police-officer to a fellow whom he seized by the throat.

"Not exactly, Sir; but I reckon you are the malignant collarer!"

"I say, Pete, in gwoing roun' de worl' trab'lers tell us dat you lose one 'hole day."

"Dat am n't nuff'n, Sam, when you can make 'm up agin."

"How you gwoine to make it up?—tell me dat, nigger."

"Why, jis turn roun' and go back agin."

WEEKLY MARKET SUMMARY.

New York, *Monday, August* 30, 1858.

The Wholesale Produce Markets have been less active and less firm for Flour, Wheat, Corn, and Rye. Home dealers have purchased only such lots as they immediately required. The export inquiry has been very limited. Oats have been in good request at improved prices.... Cotton has been moderately dealt in at full rates.... Provisions have been more sought after; Pork has advanced; other articles have been held firmly.... Rio Coffee has been actively inquired for at buoyant prices. Sugars, Molasses, Teas, and Rice have been quiet. Hay has been in fair demand at steady figures.... Hops have been held above the views of buyers, and have been inactive. The crop news is very unfavorable, being to the effect that not more than half an average yield is looked for in the hop-growing districts.... Naval Stores and Oils have been more freely dealt in at strengthening quotations.... Seeds and Tobacco have been in moderate request at uniform rates.... Wool has attracted considerable attention at full prices.... The Dry Goods trade exhibits a moderate degree of animation. Standard and choice fancy fabrics are generally held with much firmness. The Dry Goods imports during the week amounted to $2,213,431 against $2,309,570 the corresponding week of last year.... The value of the imports since January 1 reached $39,857,953 against $74,864,530 the same week last year.... The movements in other commodities were moderate, and unproductive of any remarkable alterations.... We append a revised list of the closing quotations for the leading articles:

Rejected sup'fine State Flour, per bbl.	$3 95	@	$4 15
" extra " "	4 30	@	4 70
Superfine to extra State, per barrel	4 80	@	5 60
Superfine to fancy Western, per barrel	4 70	@	5 25
Extra Western, per barrel	5 10	@	8 50
Fancy to extra Genesee, per barrel	5 75	@	8 00
Extra Canadian, per barrel	5 25	@	6 50
Mixed to Extra Southern, per barrel	5 50	@	8 50
Fine to Superfine Rye Flour, per bbl.	3 50	@	4 35
Corn Meal, per barrel	4 20	@	4 75
White Wheat, per bushel	1 18	@	1 60
Red Wheat, per bushel	95	@	1 30
Corn, per bushel	70	@	95
Rye, per bushel	75	@	77
Barley, per bushel	60	@	68
Western Oats, per bushel	52	@	55
State Oats, per bushel	51	@	53
Jersey and Penn. Oats, per bushel	43	@	46
Southern Oats, per bushel	33	@	43
Cotton, middlings, per pound	12¾	@	13
Mess Pork, per barrel	17 40	@	—
Prime Pork, per barrel	15 00	@	—
Country Mess Beef, per barrel	11 50	@	12 00
Prime Mess Beef, per tierce	20 00	@	22 00
Beef Hams, per barrel	19 00	@	20 00
Cut Meats, per pound	6¼	@	8¾
Lard, per pound	11¼	@	11¾
State Butter, per pound	14	@	24
Western Butter, per pound	12	@	19
Cheese, per pound	3	@	8
Rice, per 100 pounds	2 75	@	3 75
Rio Coffee, per pound	9¾	@	11¼
Cuba Sugar, per pound	6¼	@	9
Cuba Molasses, per gallon	28	@	35
New Orleans Sugar, per pound	7	@	8¼
New Orleans Molasses, per gallon	50	@	—
Hyson Teas, per pound	27	@	60
Oolong Teas, per pound	30	@	55
Domestic Whisky, per gallon	—	@	24¼
Hops, per pound	8	@	14
Hay, per 100 pounds	35	@	65
Tallow, per pound	10	@	—
Crude Turpentine, per 280 pounds	3 75	@	—
Spirits Turpentine, per gallon	48	@	48½
Tar, per barrel	1 75	@	2 00
Common Rosin, per 310 pounds	1 65	@	1 70
Linseed Oil, per gallon	74	@	75
Kentucky Tobacco, per pound	6¼	@	16
Seed Leaf Tobacco	6	@	25
American Fleece Wool, per pound	27	@	46
" Pulled Wool	25	@	38

Freights were very dull. For Liverpool—Cotton, 5-32d. @ 3-16d. per pound; Flour, 10½d. @ 1s. per barrel; Grain, 2½d. @ 3½d. per bushel; Heavy Goods, 10s. @ 20s. per ton. For other ports proportionate rates. The number of vessels of all classes in port on Saturday was 748.

The Live Stock Markets last Wednesday were easier for Beeves, which were in fair supply and demand.... Milch Cows were in request at uniform rates.... Veal Calves, Sheep, Lambs, and Swine were each quoted firm in price, with a somewhat livelier inquiry.... The reported receipts of Live Stocks during each of the last two weeks compares as follows:

	Week ending *Aug.* 18.	Week ending *Aug.* 25.
Beeves	3,330	4,161
Milch Cows	185	191
Veal Calves	563	501
Sheep and Lambs	12,745	13,724
Swine	8,661	8,703

Of the Forty-fourth Street Market supply of Beeves last Wednesday there were received from

Illinois	1659	Texas	140
New York	[illegible]	Indiana	93
Ohio	[illegible]	Connecticut	31
Kentucky	252	New Jersey	10

The range of prices according to the actual sales of Live Stock at the leading City Markets last Wednesday was as follows:

Poor to premium Beeves, per pound	$ 6	@	$ 9¼
Common to ex. Milch Cows, per head	25 00	@	65 00
Veal Calves, per pound	4¼	@	6¼
Sheep and Lambs, per head	1 50	@	5 00
" " per pound	3¼	@	6¼
Live Swine, per pound	4¼	@	5¼
Dressed " "	5¾	@	6¼
Roasting Pigs, each	1 00	@	2 00

The Country Produce Markets exhibit no remarkable alterations. Most articles are abundant, and prices rule low. The general demand is not very brisk.

Wholesale Prices obtained by Producers at Washington Market.

Grapes, green, per pound	$ 2	@	$ 3
Blackberries, per bushel	2 00	@	3 50
" New Rochelle, per quart	25	@	—
Huckleberries, per bushel	2 00	@	2 75
Apples, new, per barrel	1 50	@	4 00
Pears, " "	3 00	@	15 00
Peaches, per basket	1 25	@	3 00
Plums, per bushel	1 75	@	3 00
Lima Beans, per basket	38	@	62
Potatoes, new, per barrel	1 25	@	2 25
Potatoes, sweet, per barrel	4 00	@	5 00
Onions, new, per barrel	1 50	@	3 50
Turnips, per barrel	1 50	@	—
Cabbage, new, per 100	1 50	@	5 00
Squashes, per bushel	10	@	1 00
Pumpkins, per dozen	1 25	@	1 75
Green Corn, per 100 ears	20	@	50
Watermelons, per 100	5 00	@	18 00
Nutmeg Melons, per barrel	1 25	@	1 75
Tomatoes, per bushel	20	@	50
Cucumbers, per 100	10	@	50
Eggs, N. Y. and N. J., per dozen	13	@	17
Eggs, Western, per dozen	8	@	10
Chickens, per pair	37	@	75
Fowls, per pound	12	@	15
Fowls, per pair	50	@	1 00
Ducks, per pair	62	@	1 00
Spring Geese, each	1 00	@	1 50
Turkeys, per pound	13	@	16
Pigeons, per dozen	1 50	@	2 00
Woodcock, per dozen	3 25	@	4 00
Snipe, Dowicher, per dozen	62½	@	1 00
Snipe, Ox-eyes, per dozen	25	@	50
Plover, per dozen	1 75	@	2 00

MARRIED.

On the 19th inst., at South Reading, Vt., by Rev. Wm. S. Balch, Mr. Wallace F. Robinson, of Boston, to Miss Jeannie M. Robinson, Daughter of Ezra Robinson, Esq., of South Reading.

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New York, August 24, 1858.

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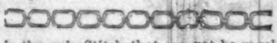

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